

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 28, 1941

WHO'S WHO

MAURICE FELDMAN derives the facts of his article from the reports given to him by relatives recently arrived from Vienna. A journalist and an economist, he escaped from Austria at the time of the Nazi annexation. He was engaged in editorial work in Stockholm, Sweden, until he came to the United States early in 1940. . . . H. C. MCGINNIS concludes his study of the *Manual* of instructions for Communist editors of shop papers. The moral is: whenever there is a strike these days, search out first to find if a Red's hand is at the steering wheel. Mr. McGinnis is also interested in Nazi subversives, and writes that he is completing a study of them. . . . SISTER M. CHRISTINA, I.H.M., is a teacher at Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. She has made a scientific study, in a limited area, of the problem raised by Father Garesché in our issue of April 5. We would welcome the reports of other statisticians on the matter of vocations to the religious life. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, literary editor, is our staff reporter at the National Eucharistic Congress held in the Twin-Cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis. He will contribute another story in our issue of next week. . . . THOMAS F. MEEHAN, member of the AMERICA Staff since the first issue, is the eighty-seven year old President of the United States Catholic Historical Society. He is always delighted when a young man finds an historical fact that had eluded him in his years of research. . . . KATHERINE BREGY, the Philadelphia poet and essayist, and nation-wide lecturer, closes the month, as usual, with another literary study.

NEXT WEEK: John A. Toomey assembles a most interesting series of statements about the Protestant attitude toward American peace and war.

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COMMENT

THE NAZIS were on the run. The German consulates were all closed. The German agencies and information services were blown out of existence. German funds were frozen at their source and tied up at their outlets. Every Nazi with a guilty conscience or an active record was packing up to make a rapid exit from the United States. Then the Treasury and the Department of Justice had a further thought. It would not be safe to let the Nazis skip out of the country; and so orders were issued to detain all German nationals, whether they be in the diplomatic and consular service, or citizens of any degree. That is a good clean-out, well done. Then, to make sure, all refugees with relatives in Germany and the Occupied Countries were banned from entry into the United States, lest the Gestapo extend its hand over the relatives and the refugees. That is a good protective measure. Now we have the Nazi subversives pretty well under control; some others are at large and undiscovered. We hope they will be caught and also prevented from obstructing and sabotaging our defense program. But what about the Nazi partners in subversive activities? What about the Soviet agents with orders from Moscow? What about the native Communists who are boring from within and holding important key-positions? They are entrenched in administrative departments in Washington; they fill positions in city management; they are leaders in the labor unions; they are editors and reporters on our newspapers; they are teachers in our school system. These native and naturalized American-Communists work along the Soviet lines, seek the reign of the proletariat, despise the American system and society, and remain powerful against all the exposure of their subversive activities and all the warnings against them uttered by real Americans. We are safer, as a nation, with the Nazis and the Fascists curbed and cabined. But we are doing only a part job of national protection if we permit the Communists to ride high and handsome, the while they drop bombs at the foundations of our American form of democracy, prevent, by devious methods, our preparations for defense and destroy our internal peace as a nation.

WAR voices were raised. . . . Senator Norris declared we must prevent the fall of England "even at the risk of war." . . . Officials of the American League for Tolerance and the Friends of Democracy called on all Americans to "stop immediately the gangsters of Europe." . . . The Fight for Freedom, Inc., ran advertisements headlined: "What Are We Waiting For, Mr. President?" Among the sponsors of the organization are: Dr. James B. Conant, Harvard president, Joseph P. Lash, Colonel William J. Donovan, Marshall Field, Rev. C.

Callan, O.P., Melvyn Douglas, Walter Wanger. . . . A telegram to the President signed by twenty-nine Philadelphians urged the sinking of any U-boats sighted by the Navy, repeal of the Neutrality Act, occupation of all Atlantic islands "strategic to our defense." . . . Larry MacPhail, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball club and a chairman of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, refused to allow the America First Committee to rent Ebbets Field for an anti-war rally. . . . Secretaries Knox and Morgenthau declared the time for decision has arrived. . . . New York State's Lieutenant-Governor, Charles Poletti, warned of the danger of invasion. . . . Secretary of War Stimson asserted our system cannot exist in the same world with the Nazi system, that the world must become all one thing or all the other. . . . Speaking at Colby College commencement, Clarence K. Streit, proponent of "Union Now," urged immediate union of the United States and the British Commonwealth.

VOICES against war were heard. . . . Congressman Stephen A. Day asked the House committee investigating un-American activities, to inquire into the "Union Now" activity. In a radio broadcast, Mr. Day said: "There is a powerful movement thoroughly financed throughout the British Empire and in all parts of the United States to surrender great, free America into a permanent confederation or union which will cancel the Declaration of Independence . . . we are to become a part of the British Empire." . . . Senator Gerald P. Nye asserted America must stay out of war so that when the hour of Europe's exhaustion arrives "we can be the helping hand that the world is going to so desperately need. . . ." . . . Senator D. Worth Clark stated that seventy-five per cent of the radio news reports of the commentators consisted of "wildly biased editorial tirades." Senator Charles W. Tobey intimated that most radio news commentators were interventionists. . . . The Progressive Committee to Rebuild the American Labor Party announced it would distribute half a million anti-war pamphlets. . . . The America First Committee sponsored an anti-war address by Charles A. Lindbergh in California's Hollywood Bowl. . . . Congressman Ludlow read telegrams from Cardinal O'Connell and Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick supporting his resolution asking the President to arrange for offering the services of the twenty-one American Republics as a mediator to end the war. Cardinal O'Connell's telegram read in part: "There is no doubt in my mind that the American people desire a cessation of this stupid and brutal war, and I may add that no one can doubt their desire to keep out of the conflict." . . . Referring to proposals that the United States

raid territories in and near Africa, Senator Wheeler declared: "... this means, of course, the carrying out of an undeclared war in violation of the Constitution of the United States."

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CHEERS seem to be in order because of the announcement from the Bureau of the Census that "it now appears that the birth rate for the United States is definitely increasing." It seems that for the first four months of this year, there were some 20,000 more births than in the same period last year, and that would mean the highest birth rate in this country since 1930. Accordingly, we cheer. But not too loudly, lest our joy prove a boomerang. Our Planned Parenthooders are certainly going to say: "See, we have told you all along that birth control has nothing to do with a low birth rate. Americans can still be strong and vigorous and practise our preachments." We forecast a splurge of birth-control propaganda on the strength of these figures. Of course, the one and only real crushing argument against the movement is one that seems to cut little ice, the moral argument. But because statistics have a strange habit of reinforcing moral arguments in the long run, let's recall the old saw about one swallow not making the spring.

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A SURVEY of the religious affiliations of the officers and men composing the 28th Division of the United States Army, encamped at Indiantown Gap, Pa., has just been completed by the Chaplain, Lieut. Col. Percy N. Houghton. The Division consists of 10,332 officers and men. Eighty religious denominations are represented. Only three of the men profess to be atheists. The largest numerical groups, according to *Religious News Service*, are as follows: Catholics: 4,313; Methodists; 1,509; Presbyterians: 1,002; Lutherans: 850; Baptists: 492; Episcopalians: 345; Jews: 332. The other denominations were not listed. Two weeks back, we recorded the astounding fact that Catholics composed twenty-five per cent of the Army and Navy, whereas Catholics were only sixteen per cent of the total population of this country. In the 28th Division, Catholics are nearly forty-two per cent. The Episcopalians, however, are only three per cent. We Catholics might well boast of the loyalty of our young men, as we used to do, of the disproportionate representation of Catholic soldiers and sailors in our American wars. We are not boasting now. We are asking why. The non-conformist Protestant Churches are against American involvement in war: that story will be told next week by John A. Toomey. The Catholics in an overwhelming majority are against war. But the Episcopalians, through their clerical and lay leaders, are all out for war. They are, it is true, a very small religious minority, and have, accordingly, a small quota. But when the fighting begins, the Catholic and the Methodist and the Presbyterian and the Lutheran lads are the ones who will be hitting and being hit.

ORATORY to rallies may have to be simple and impassioned to make its appeal. No less an expert than Mr. Goebbels has laid down three classic rules for this type of talk: "make it simple, say it often, make it burn." And we have had flagrant examples of it here. At a recent rally in New York, for example, the whole issue of the evening was reduced to these simplest and dishonest terms: if you are anti-convoy, you are pro-Hitler. But in calmer moments, and in print, all the stakes that hang upon our active entry into the war must be considered and debated. It is a question, in our mind, of balancing the certain losses we stand to suffer against the very problematical gains that may accrue. One of the losses Britain is suffering now should be another red light to block the headlong pace of those who want us to dash into the fray now. A report in the New York *Herald Tribune* states that there has been a sharp increase in infectious diseases. Measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough have all shown staggering rises, the last numbering 37,150 cases, with 690 deaths, as compared to 3,967 cases, with 100 deaths a year ago. Our entry into the war, under the conditions of modern war, will undoubtedly breach the health of the nation to the same ghastly inroads. This is but another element that has to be considered when we hear some of our "diplomats" roaring their brave defiance of not being afraid of anybody anywhere—bring on your Hitlers. . . ! Well, we are not afraid of Hitler, either, but we are afraid of social upheavals and pestilence and famine and disease. Do our tub-thumpers defy them?

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HE "held her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot was ashore." So runs the old ballad about Jim Bludso and the day when the Prairie Belle took fire. And last week all the ancient traditions of the River were kept when the packet Golden Eagle, bound north for St. Louis, struck a submerged dam and began to ship water. While the big ear-shattering whistles bellowed for help, Capt. Leyhe swung his wheel, crowded on all his steam, raced for the shore, drove his nose into the mud, and kept his stern wheel turning until his passengers were off. An old story on the old "Missip," and probably the last one of its kind. For when the old Golden Eagle went down, an era went with her. Mark Twain's era. The Show Boat era. The days of steamboat round the bend. The day when the levees were piled with cotton and coffee and rice, and long lines of shouting stevedores unloaded goods from N'Awlins and Memphis or the big cities up North. The Golden Eagle was forty years old, the last of a long line, which included the City of Saltillo, the Peoria, the Queen City, the Cape Girardeau, beautiful old side wheelers with tall smokestacks topped with golden crowns. They are all gone now—burned or crushed by ice or covered over by the sand bars of Ole Man River. A romantic and picturesque era has passed with the sinking of the Golden Eagle. It has been long adying, and even the people living in the cities on the banks of the River know it only from Mark Twain's books.

THOSE who read in AMERICA'S issue of June 14 Leonard Feeney's appreciative review of the poems of Maurice Fields will be interested in an article on the same topic in the *Mundelein College Review* for Spring, 1941, in which the story of this youthful genius is told by Catherine Dwyer.

GOLDEN Jubilarian as a priest on June 16 was the Rev. Victor Francis O'Daniel, O.P., archivist of the Dominican Province of St. Joseph and distinguished historian. Father O'Daniel has taught theology and philosophy at various Dominican institutions in this country. He was a co-founder of the *Catholic Historical Review* in 1915 and served for several years as Associate Editor. In 1918 he was co-founder of the American Catholic Historical Association and has written many volumes.

A TIRELESS, enthusiastic and buoyantly cheerful worker in the cause for practical application of Catholic teachings on social justice is Kansas' daughter, Miss Linna Bresette, Field Secretary of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, and Field Representative of the Department of Social Action, N.C.W.C. As someone remarked, Miss Bresette is not only a person, she is a whole organization in herself. She became the first woman factory inspector in Kansas in 1913. In 1927 she started the Regional Catholic Conferences on Industrial Problems and organized eighty of these traveling schools concerned with the Papal Encyclicals. On June 12, the Immaculata Medal for distinguished social service was bestowed upon her at the convention of the college alumnae, Conception College, Mo.

DOWN and outs are a challenge not only to charity but to inventiveness. One such invention is the Horse Creek Valley Handicraft Welfare Center, near Aiken, S. C. It is the result of the efforts of the Rev. George Lewis Smith, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Aiken, to aid the people in that neighborhood. Hundreds of families outside the mill villages in Horse Creek Valley have for some time been in dire need of the necessities of life. Many live in two-room shacks in congested settlements without adequate food, clothing or shelter. Many of them suffer from pellagra and other illnesses. The new welfare center, a pioneer project of its kind in the South, was dedicated by the Most Rev. Emmet M. Walsh, Bishop of Charleston, on June 6. It is staffed by the Sisters of Christian Doctrine.

SEPARATE courses of study for parish schools in villages and rural districts is earnestly advocated by the Rev. Joseph H. Ostdiek, Diocesan Superintendent of Catholic Schools, Omaha, Nebraska. "Such schools," writes Father Ostdiek in the *Catholic Rural Life Bulletin* for May, 1941, "should meet the needs and conditions of children who dwell on the countrysides. Since all courses of study are to be dominantly industrial and urban, there is little danger that any program of instruction, expressly designed for country children, will be excessively rural." He further adds: "The formula-

tion of such a course would be a splendid project for some Catholic teacher-training institution. It should embody not only religion and the usual tool and content subjects, but specific types of information and instruction which meet the demands of rural life." An attractive twenty-five cent edition of *Catholic Rural Life Songs*, with words and music, is now for sale at the office of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 525 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

IMMENSE influence on Spanish youth before the civil war of 1936 was wielded by the famous Don Miguel de Unamuno. His book, *The Agony of Christianity*, sowed the seeds of skepticism in thousands of youthful minds. A sympathetic but searching analysis of Unamuno appears in *Razón y Fe*, Madrid monthly, for May, by E. Guerrero. The author sums up as the three great weaknesses of Unamuno: 1. he entertained religious doubts without any logical motivation; 2. his passionate attacks on Christianity from the moral angle, making use of confused thought, caricature and sophisms; 3. his abuse of the lack of religious and cultural formation among Spanish university youth in order to create rebellion against Catholicism: all this combined with his picturesque style, his attractive erudition and his singularly sympathetic temperament.

REPRESENTATIVE Martin J. Kennedy has introduced a resolution calling on the Chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine to invite to a conference Government officials who have jurisdiction over transportation to foreign countries and representatives of all the foreign missionary societies. The purpose of the conference will be to determine the necessity of new legislation which shall protect our missionaries by arranging for the normal flow of mission supplies during these abnormal times. Congressman Kennedy states that

There are thousands of American citizens, men and women, Catholic and Protestant, engaged in missionary work in countries in which it is now almost impossible to obtain the essential supplies required for the proper conduct of their religious activities. Because of world conditions, the burden of supporting and extending the influence of our missionaries has fallen upon the people of this country, and I sincerely believe that every American acquainted with their work will be most anxious to have adequate provision made in our steamers for shipments of supplies to the missionaries.

Those interested in mission problems are invited to write to the Honorable Martin J. Kennedy, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., to express appreciation of this effort to help the missions during these critical times. Catholic mission societies and college or school mission units should particularly be interested in such measures.

FIFTEEN minutes of Catholic thought and prayer, through the Radio League of the Sacred Heart, are now being conducted in such cities as St. Louis and Los Angeles. Station WBRK in Pittsfield, Mass., has joined the League, broadcasting the program at 7:45 each morning.

AUSTRIA AWAITS THE DAY WHEN IT SHALL RISE AGAIN

MAURICE FELDMAN

MOST people connect the name "Vienna" with two epochs. First, Vienna, the city of gaiety and song, of the classic Austrian theatre, the world-famous opera, the center of culture for Central Europe. The other epoch: Vienna after the World War, after 1918. Speaking of Vienna they called it the Hydrocephalus. It had been the commercial and the administrative center for the whole monarchy before the defeat, and now there was an army of officials and employes left destitute and without work, without hopes for the future.

Yet, into the darkness fell some rays of light. New leaders had come, elected by the people, men for whom the administration of the city meant service to the inhabitants. Old Vienna in its gaiety arose and a new Vienna associated itself with it. Modern houses, baths, recreation camps, schools, hospitals, playgrounds for the youth, kindergarten for the children, were created in a measure and a number that amazed even the richest countries in the world. Vienna, the center of a democratic republic, became the focus of the world. It became the city of modern social reforms, of modern education of the people, and of protection for children. From the United States, from India, England and Sweden, from everywhere, scientists and mayors of towns flocked in to study the wonders republican Vienna had worked. Such was the second epoch of the Austrian capital.

Today, Vienna is no longer a capital. Austria, a name that must not be used, is officially called Ostmark. Vienna has become one of the many provincial towns of Germany. The spirit, however, of the Austrians, their being "Viennese" in every sense of the expression, has remained unchanged. At the moment, Vienna is the meeting place of the rebels against Nazism. Vienna has begun its third epoch. Now it is known under the name of the "Capital of the Opposition."

When, on March 12, 1938, Hitler marched into Vienna, there were many people who had great hopes in the *Anschluss*. Men, women and youths, who had helped to increase the host of the unemployed, and were driven deeper and deeper into the horrible conditions of ruffian proletariat; adventurers, who believed that a "revolution" would make it possible for them to fish in troubled waters; petty merchants and impoverished academicians who had hoped that Hitler would smash for them the competition of the Jews, were the followers.

Everything went differently from that to which the 150,000 Austrian Nazis had been looking forward. With Hitler, the brutal goose-stepping imperialism of Germany marched into Austria. She was considered occupied foreign country.

Then there came the war against Poland on September 1, 1939. It was the Austrian soldiers who were sent into the first lines, into zones where danger was greatest, in Poland, in Norway or Belgium, in France and Yugoslavia. The casualty list of the Reichswahr contains a great proportion of Austrian soldiers.

My father, who left Vienna at the end of March, 1941, tells me that there is not one family in Vienna that has not suffered some loss by the war. Here you have a mother complaining of the loss of her only son; there a girl crying over the wounds of her fiancé. Thousands of children have become orphans; crippled men crowd the streets, as in all those years from 1914 to 1920. Many soldiers of the Tyrol Alpine regiment have been executed because of mutiny in Norway.

While the younger men are sent to the first lines without exception, the older ones, the so-called land-forces, have to serve at home. They have to watch railway stations, munition deposits, factories and public buildings. The entire male population is wearing the uniform. Exempted only are workmen who are considered absolutely indispensable.

The working men and women of Vienna, Lower Austria and Styria are the backbone of the opposition against Hitler. A ten years' training for Social Democracy, the unions, and many other economic, political and cultural associations of the Austrian workers yielded good results. My father often had opportunity to speak to employes of certain organizations. All of them contend that nothing could change their spirit. There are even illegal organizations of workmen in Vienna. They have nothing to do with Communism.

The world knows little or nothing of the strikes and acts of sabotage that have been committed in the Viennese factories. On November 12, 1940, the anniversary of the founding of the Republic of Austria, there were strikes lasting three hours in Vienna and Wiener Neustadt, center of airplane manufacturing. As a warning example, single workmen were arrested and brought to Dachau. Again and again workmen walked out. Not from political reasons only, but from economic ones as well. In nearly all plants the workmen have to toil ten hours a

day; overtime is paid from the eleventh hour on. On January 1, 1941, one of the biggest factories, Siemens Schuckert, introduced the twelve-hour-day. All the workmen went on strike for three days in protest against that new order. The Gestapo arrested all the workmen in their homes. Each of them was questioned separately. At the typical Gestapo examination, the alternative was put before them of returning to work or going to Dachau. After three days nearly all of them were at work again. As a punishment they had a ten-per-cent reduction in wages, and their lunch time was shortened by a half-hour, so that they now worked twelve and a half hours instead of twelve. This is one example of how the Gestapo handles strikers.

The wages of the workers are just sufficient to provide for the most urgent needs. Wages that are higher than 400 Reichmarks a month (that is exactly fifty dollars), are subject to taxes and other reductions up to sixty per cent. There are no Sundays or holidays and two shifts work continuously.

The food situation is by far better than is usually believed. Bread, vegetables, preserves of fish are on rations, but every family gets enough of them. There is, however, a real shortage of butter, oil, cheese, meat, fruit and milk. It is still difficult to get clothing. Every Aryan has the right to buy one pair of shoes, one suit and one winter coat a year. Yet he has to deliver up his old clothing and prove that he has only that one garment.

Many of the scientific institutions have been amalgamated with the ones from the Reich and many of the scientists, professors and co-workers have been moved to Berlin or Munich. All institutions of commerce and industry are now nothing but branches of the central offices in Berlin.

There are still six newspapers issued daily in Vienna. According to the estimate of experts, the circulation is not greater than 150,000 copies. The only paper read, however, is the Viennese edition of the *Voelkischer Beobachter*. Most of the officials are forced to subscribe and, besides, it is the only paper that prints the *communiqués*. The population, however, does not believe in either the newspapers or the radio. Whatever they are told, they believe the contrary of it.

A very good example of that fact was the capture of Paris. Nobody in Vienna wanted to believe that Paris had fallen. It was only when soldiers returned from Paris, and people who had listened to the radio of foreign countries told of it, that anyone did believe it. The threat of the death penalty is not strong enough to hinder thousands of persons from listening to foreign radios, even to the English. Hitler's speeches are valued on a par with the newspapers as far as the public is concerned. A regular campaign against America began over the Vienna radio in the middle of February. There was, for instance, a lecture on "America and her People," by a certain Dr. Salders. He stated that he had been a professor at an American university from 1927 to 1930 and, therefore, was well acquainted with American mentality. Enumerating the names of many German-Americans of good reputation, he contended that everything that is

good in America has been created by the Germans. At the present time, however, he said the Jews have everything in their hands. Eventually, he promised, the Fuehrer would solve the problems of America the same way he had solved those of France and England.

Transmissions by radio of German lecturers are ignored by the Austrians. The antagonism between the Germans and the Austrians is almost as great as that between the Germans and the Czechs. In past years there were many demonstrations against the Gauleiter, Baldur von Schirach. The wives of Goebbels and Goering and their children, who live now in the castles of the Hapsburgs, having fled from the RAF, never appear in public without their bodyguards. Very often they have been insulted by the Viennese women and girls who wanted to demonstrate against the foreign domination.

Leading positions in all the central offices, factories and economic centers, and even in the department "Ostmark" of the Reichsbank, are held by Germans of the Reich. The Austrian industrialists are no longer masters of their factories. Everyone has a German commissary coordinator who, so to speak, is his superior. Industrialists who formerly belonged to the illegal Nazi party, today are great opponents of Hitler. The Austrian industrialist is nothing but an employee of his own factory. The mistrust against him is even greater than that against the German industrialist. Leading men of high rank in Austrian public institutions have been transferred to Berlin, where they fill the places of inferior officials. The heads of municipal administrations are Germans. The former Nazi Mayor of Vienna, Dr. Herman Neubacher, has been sent to Rumania to study the problems of reconstruction as an expert in that line.

The police in all towns is subordinated to German presidents and officers. Himmler, at a meeting of the Viennese police, has declared in public: "First, the Ostmarkians should learn to obey and refrain from grumbling. Only after that will we give them leading positions." Furthermore he said: "The Ostmarkians should make up their minds finally to learn that there are many means to make them give up grumbling and continual remarks against the *regime*. All of them can be happy that the Fuehrer has decided to incorporate them into the Gross-Deutsche Reich."

Jew-baiting and Czech-baiting continues. Every day Jews are deported to Poland in spite of advanced age or delicate health. In February, about 5,000 Jews were sent away. There are about 46,000 of them still in Vienna. All of them are in constant fear of the Gestapo. Often whole families are called from their beds, given only some minutes to dress, and brought to places where many fellow-sufferers are waiting. All of them are loaded into cattle-trucks and brought to Polish concentration camps.

The victories of Hitler have not been able to strengthen the morale of the hinterland. In Vienna, there exist a few Nazi fanatics who believe in the final victory of Germany. The broad masses of the population are waiting, fists clenched, for the day of reckoning.

COMMUNISTS DO THE PLANNING INNOCENTS DO THE STRIKING

H. C. McGINNIS

(Continued from last week)

THE non-Communist workingman should never have much difficulty deciding if his shop paper is put out by Reds. In the vast majority of Red publications, their method of delivery alone should prove the point. A paper that is above board has no distribution problems; but subversive organs usually must be put into their readers' hands by hook or by crook. While the open delivery of a shop paper does not definitely prove it non-Communist, a secret delivery almost invariably proves it is. If it is not Communist, at least it is subversive.

The Communists' *Shop Paper Manual* tells editors every attempt should be made to distribute their organs inside the mill, and gives various tricks to be employed. A secret distribution inside the mill is always preferred, especially if the paper's true policy is suspected, for non-Communist workers can often be prevailed upon to read the paper provided the bosses and his fellow workmen do not know it. This secrecy is important, "for every precaution must be taken not to expose the comrades working in the shop—not only to protect them from losing their jobs, but mainly to keep our base in that factory."

Editors are taught to make careful plans beforehand to accomplish distribution within the factory in such a way that the delivery may not become apparent to the foremen. Hence, carpenters, electrical workers, painters, repairmen, messengers, and others who have a certain freedom of movement in their work are taught to smuggle the papers to the workers as they move about from place to place. The *Manual* suggests purchasers be warned to have exact change ready, so no protracted transaction will take place. Where this is not workable, the *Manual* suggests delivery with raw materials, sending the papers along on carriers and conveyors when opportunity affords. Sometimes small supplies are left in toilets or on dark stairs and then groups of workmen are told to sneak out to get them.

The *Manual* admits inside distribution never reaches all the workers and in some plants is completely out of the question, so methods of outside delivery are given. Workers are met at shop gates or on buses and street cars where their papers are handed to them on the sly. In some instances, a nearby store is supplied with copies and workers are told to apply there. Sometimes papers are mailed, but for some reason or other the *Manual*

does not like this method too well and does not recommend it except in cases like the following:

The comrades working inside the factory may notice that a certain worker is sympathetic, or perhaps the worker at the next machine looks like a good subject for propaganda. By taking the number of the worker's badge, and finding out from his time card (which bears the same number) what his name and address is, the shop paper can either be sent to him direct by mail, or delivered to him by some comrade not working near him. A gradual building up of such a mailing-list or such personal contacts is invaluable for the other activities of the nucleus within the shop.

One thing is certain, nearly every worker in the shop gets his copy, either purchased or free, of each issue; for, as the *Manual* states, "the shop paper should be published by the Party nucleus as the spokesman for all the workers in the shop."

In what kinds of plants are Communist shop-papers started? Of course the *Manual* admits that in choosing between a small plant in a decisive war industry and a large plant making buttons, the war industry plant should be chosen every time; and while the impression is given that papers should not be started in plants with less than 100 workers, all restrictions are finally thrown aside and editors are told to start papers wherever they can.

After stating a few objectionable places for Party papers, the *Manual* reasons thus:

If the only opportunity for starting a shop paper in a District is one in which all the above considerations are adverse, it might still be worth the effort for the sake of training the Party itself gets in this important work—the very fact that experience is being gained and a start made. Then, when better opportunities come later, we shall be experienced and ready for them.

In other words, never overlook even a small opportunity, for experience proves one rotten apple has ruined a barrelful many times.

The *Manual* admits there are shops where

some comrades working in shops resist the launching of a shop paper there, by claiming that conditions are so much better than in other shops that there are no issues to write about. This is nonsense. There are no shops under capitalism where exploitation does not take place and where consequent abuses do not inevitably follow.

The *Manual* confesses that some comrades are a wee bit slow to recognize abuses; but there is always something to squawk about when they become sufficiently well trained in Communist ideologies. Squawk, comrades, squawk! If you are offered

Heaven as a gift, squawk for a fence around it! When the offer includes the fence, squawk until the white fence is painted green! When that is done, insist it be changed to heliotrope and squawk hard until it is done! Remember Agitprop! (Agitational propaganda.)

Special editions are strongly urged. Anything unusual in the shop calls for a special edition while "the interest of the workers is at its highest pitch."

Shop papers insist upon humor. "A paper without humor and other light touches will be a monotonous affair," admonishes the *Manual*. Jokes and "striking observations on the class struggle and current issues should be included. But the jokes should not be silly futile things, divorced from the class struggle." Just to prove to editors that the *Manual* itself appreciates humor, it winds up its instructions on light features with: "Comparisons between local conditions and Russian conditions, given tersely and without flourishes, are very effective sprinkled through columns of this sort." If there is anything that should make an American workingman grin out loud, it is a comparison between the American and the Russian working conditions!

Although many of the *Manual's* pages are devoted to technical instructions, the shop paper's main purpose is always stressed and every other consideration subordinated to it: "No opportunity must be lost to urge the workers to join the Party."

Although patriotic Americans are too often prone to minimize the importance of the little mimeographed Red sheets put out in thousands of American shops each month, the Reds' international leaders do not. These sometimes innocent looking little papers have the highest endorsement of international Red officials: "As we turn our attention more to the industries and try to build up our influence among the industrial proletariat, we will learn to appreciate this weapon more and more." The Resolution on Factory Newspapers endorsed by the Org Bureau of the ECCI says:

This importance [the organizational as well as the agitational significance of the factory papers] increases considerably in times of economic crisis and unemployment because the factory papers are one of the best means of most intensively influencing the broad non-Communist masses, without thereby (given proper publication and distribution) subjecting the nuclei to the employers' terror.

The Conference of the Agitprop Department of seven European Communist Parties held in 1930, passed a resolution "On the Immediate Tasks of the Agitprop Work of the Mid-European Sections of the Comintern," which includes the following:

Factory newspapers are an excellent means of strengthening Party work in the factories and are of exceptional importance for winning over the decisive sections of the working class, for mobilizing them around our slogans and our economic and political activities, and for recruiting new supporters to the revolutionary trade union movement and new members of the Party and Y.C.L.

And Lenin said: "Throughout the year the workers, first in one place and then in another, continuously present a variety of partial demands to their employers and fight for these demands. In assisting the workers in this fight Communists must always explain the connection it has with the proletarian struggle for emancipation in all countries.

How better can we reach the factory worker to accomplish this task than through the Communist shop paper?

The following Red publications and their locations are only a few of the thousands put out all over the country, but they are indicative of the seriousness of their subversive work and the mightiness of their aims. Some of the following sheets may have been suspended recently, due to daily increasing Government vigilance. But even the possibly suppressed ones are most thought provoking to serious minded Americans. For example: the *Postal Worker*, published by the Postal Telegraph Branch of the Communist Party; the *Columbia Spark*, issued by the Columbia (University) Nucleus of the Community Party and Young Communist League; the *Close-Up*, by Communist Party Branches in the Film Industry; the *Red Pen*, by the Communist Party Unit of the W.P.A. Federal Writers' Project; the *City College Teacher Worker*, issued by the Communist Party Unit of City College, New York; *The Class Mark*, by the Communist Party Branch of the New York Public Library; *The Yard Voice*, by the Communist Party Navy Unit, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the *G.P.O. Worker*, by the Government Printing Office Branch of the Communist Party, Washington, D. C.; *The Red Write-Up*, by the General Post Office Nucleus of the Communist Party, New York; the *Harlem Lesson Plan*, issued monthly of the Communist Teachers of Harlem, New York; *The Staff*, issued monthly by the Brooklyn College Unit; *The Write-Up*, by the C. P. Nucleus of Grand Central Post Office, New York; the *Boro Hall News*, by Boro Hall Branch of Communist Party; the *Port-Light*, official organ Communist Party, New York Seamen and Harbor Workers Branch; the *Armory News*, issued by groups of Guardsmen, 33rd Division, Illinois National Guard.

All over the country these scurrilous sheets are pouring a constant stream of poison into minds of American workers. But, despite the Reds' daily increasing harvest, not all workers gush with pleasure when they see these papers. The following is an extract from a letter read by Congressman Dirksen, of Illinois, on the House floor, January 24; it shows the resentment of many American workers when these sheets are thrust into their hands: "Dear Representative Dirksen: This paper I am sending you is put out by the dirty rats in the Communist Party and we real seamen of the merchant marine, cooks, and stewards have nothing to do with it. . . ." This attitude on the part of some of our seamen is heartening news, for it is well known our vital Maritime Service is honeycombed with Communist activities.

The Dies Committee has definitely discovered the Communist Party in the United States to be a foreign conspiracy masked as a political party, so the destructive influence of these thousands of tons of subversive propaganda—to which are added other thousands of tons coming directly from Russia via Siberia and Japan—becomes the direct and immediate concern of real American workingmen everywhere, as well as of the public at large.

A CHECK-UP ON THE PROBLEM WHY FEWER GIRLS BECOME NUNS

SISTER CHRISTINA, I.H.M.

THE dearth of religious vocations among women, surveyed by Father Garesché in AMERICA (April 5), must prove thought-provoking to any one interested in the welfare of the Church in the United States. It will be remembered that Father Garesché estimated from the reports of Superiors of Congregations for women that, approximately, twenty-seven per cent more postulants than are today applying for admission are needed to keep up the present personnel and allow for normal expansion.

Among the causes which he adduces for this condition are the changed position of women in the world, their greater success in getting jobs as compared with their brothers, and the spiritual satisfaction to be found in various types of social work. He does not mention the smaller-sized family as a cause.

A year or so ago Monsignor Ligutti, of Granger, Iowa, gave a lecture to our student body on the advantages of rural life not merely to the family, but also to the Church. In a graphic demonstration he presented statistical data on the decline of the family in our modern cities. This presentation suggested to us the problem of the effect on religious vocations of decrease in the number of children in families. We decided to undertake a study of a group of Catholic families living in the city to see if we could get concrete and conclusive evidence of such relationship.

Our working hypothesis might be stated thus: since it is harder for children of the small family to get free of responsibility in order to dedicate themselves to God, then we may expect to find a close relationship between the size of family and number of religious vocations.

Our data were gathered through the medium of a questionnaire distributed to students in a girls' college, to juniors and seniors in seven parish high schools and to one girls' central high school. These schools were all located in a large industrial center. In choosing the parish high schools, we were careful to take various sections of the city in order to have families of different social and economic status. About seventy per cent of the 1,650 questionnaires distributed were returned. (However, not all questions on every questionnaire were answered.) Of the 1,135 returned, 214 were from college and 921 from high school students. The girls returning questionnaires numbered 876; the boys, 259.

The group of families answering the questionnaire may, we believe, be regarded as a cross-section of Catholic families in a large city. Twenty-eight nationalities were represented, including all the important groups and these in practically all possible combinations.

The economic status of these families embraced all levels: unskilled workers, those in industry, trade and commerce, persons in clerical positions, in public service and professions.

The size of family in the parents' generation, as well as in that of the children, was considered in three categories; (1) three or fewer children; (2) four to seven children; (3) over seven children. The way in which these groups distribute themselves is this:

	1 to 3		4 to 7		over 7	
	Num-	per	Num-	per	Num-	per
	ber	cent	ber	cent	ber	cent
Father's family	218	20	502	46	382	34
Mother's family	143	13	546	50	414	37
Present generation ..	494	45	525	47	85	8

The increase, in the present generation, of the number of families having from one to three children and the decrease in the number of families having over seven children is obvious at a glance. An analysis of the families where a decrease in size occurred showed that in 757 families, or 66 per cent, such a decrease had occurred. In 272 families, or 24 per cent, the decrease was by five or more children.

The total number of children in the parents' generation was 9,409; the average number for either father's or mother's family is, therefore, 4,704.5. The total number of offspring of these parents is 3,173. There is, then, a decrease of 1,531 children in a single generation.

Out of this group of 1,135 families, 162, or 14 per cent, had one or more vocations in the father's, the mother's or the children's line. There were 227 vocations in all: 37 priests, 20 seminarians, 9 Brothers, 161 nuns. This gives the proportion of one man to 2.4 women. This is approximately the proportion, too, which the Society for the Propagation of the Faith gives for the number of priests, Brothers and Sisters on the missions from all countries.

We were curious to know whether or not this proportion would be found for the Church as a whole in the United States. We found that the number of priests, secular and Religious, professed cler-

ics and Brothers totaled 50,203; that the number of Sisters was 152,159. The proportion is, therefore, one vocation among men to three vocations among women. These figures, of course, include all priests and Religious in the United States regardless of the generation to which they belong.

The number of vocations in the mother's and the father's families is about the same: 86 and 89 respectively. They are the same, too, in the relative proportion of priests, Brothers and nuns. This proportion is not found, however, in the children's generation. Of the 52 vocations among the children, there were four priests, 20 seminarians, one Brother and 27 nuns. The older generation shows the proportion of 20 priests or Brothers to 67 nuns, a ratio of 1 to 3.3; the younger, 25 priests, seminarians or Brothers, to 27 nuns, a 1 to 1.1 ratio. Even though the children of families in the present generation are not all grown, the relative number of boys and girls who have reached maturity would be approximately equal.

Is not this change in the proportion of men's to women's vocations a striking confirmation of the vocation situation reported in Father Garesché's article?

There is an interesting sidelight on the proportion of boys' and girls' vocations shown in the statement of these high school and college students on whether or not they have a vocation. Forty high school and three college girls state that their vocation is to become Religious. Six boys also state they wish to become priests, while two boys wish to become Brothers. Even if all these vocation are realized, a happy condition for which we can hardly hope, there would be but 30 priests, 3 Brothers and 67 nuns—giving us only the proportion of 1 man to 2 women.

A consideration of the number of vocations in relation to the size of family brings us to the real point of this study. Six vocations of the total 227 were found in the families having 1 to 3 children; 91 were found in families having 4 to 7 children; 130 were found in families having more than 7 children. We present these figures in tabular form together with percentages:

Group	1 to 3	4 to 7	over 7
Number of vocations...	6	91	130
Percentage	3	40	57

If we relate these data to the number of families in the three categories of size we find that 3 per cent of the vocations come from 22 per cent of the families; 40 per cent of the vocations come from 41 per cent of the families; 57 per cent of the vocations come from 37 per cent of the families.

Group	1 to 3	4 to 7	over 7
Percentage of families.	22	41	37
Percentage of vocations	3	40	57

Where vocations occur, the "1-3 children" families average 1 vocation; the "4-7 children" families average 1.1 vocation; whereas the "over 7 children" families are found to average 1.5 vocations per family.

There were 4,699 boys in the mothers' and fathers' families; the number of priests and Brothers out of this group was 41. The percentage

of male vocations in the parents' generation was, therefore, 0.8. There were 4,710 girls in the mothers' and fathers' families; the number of nuns out of this group was 134. The percentage of female vocations in the parents' generation was, therefore, 2.8. If we average these two groups the percentage of vocations for this older generation is 1.8. (We found that the rate of vocations for the Catholic population of the whole United States is about .9 of one per cent.)

Now let us consider the children's generation. There are 1,495 boys of whom 25 have vocations and 1,678 girls of whom 27 have vocations. The rate of vocations for each is 1.6 per cent. It will be noted that this is higher for boys and lower for girls than in the previous generation. If we allow for younger children who will no doubt have vocations, the average rate (1.6) for the children's generation is approximately the same, or may even exceed slightly the average rate (1.8) for the parents' generation. It will be remembered that this younger generation averages 1,531 children less than the generation previous. Calculating vocations at the rate of 1.8 per cent for these 1,531 non-existing children, we can say that there are approximately 28 fewer vocations in this group of families today than there would have been thirty years ago. This estimated decrease in vocations, due to the smaller size of families, equals 32 per cent of the total number of vocations in either the fathers' or mothers' branch of the family, while it equals 53 per cent of the total number of vocations actualized to date among the children of the present generation.

To summarize: our data would seem to confirm Father Garesché's findings that there is a disproportion in the present generation as compared with the previous, in the ratio of the vocations of boys and girls, the girls showing a definite decrease. These data lead us to conclude that the marked decline in the size of Catholic families living in the city is having a proportional effect upon the number of religious vocations.

It may be noted that the fact of the decrease in the number of children in urban families is not necessarily due to birth control. It is conceded by geneticists that urban life, of its very nature, has a direct effect on the reduction of offspring.

The predominantly urban character of our Catholic population affects the size of the family, which, in turn, will naturally affect vocations. According to the 1930 census, in cities of over 100,000 population 10 adults are raising now only about 7 children. In the farm population, on the other hand, populations have much better promise of persisting—until they in turn become urbanized and so, devitalized.

The other reasons, noted by Father Garesché certainly contribute to the decrease, but these figures show that smaller urban families are a definite factor in this decrease. Not only are there fewer children to follow a religious vocation but those who wish to cannot, because there are fewer brothers and sisters to take care of the family's financial burdens.

SACRIFICE BLESSES ST. PAUL'S CONGRESS

HAROLD C. GARDINER

SACRIFICE is not a word strange to the Archdiocese of Saint Paul, nor ought it be. The patron of the See, the Apostle, gloried in his sacrifices, and the first Catholic record of the region that we have was inspired by a sacrifice, enforced, it is true, but none the less real. In 1898, near Kensington, Minnesota, was discovered a stone engraved with runic letters, which tell the brief and tragic tale of the little band of thirty Norsemen, who, in 1362, had ten of their number slain by savages. The remainder of the band addressed, on the crude stone, a salutation to Our Lady and a petition for her protection: "Ave Maria, save us from evil."

From that early echo of the Faith down to the Feast of All Saints, 1841, when Father Lucien Galtier erected the first log chapel in what is now the city of Saint Paul, sacrifice has been woven into the splendid fabric of the Church in Minnesota. Sometimes the sacrifices were made for the sake of adventure, and inspired by the lure of virgin lands and waters, and we read of the *voyageurs* of the romantic names, a Radisson or a Groseilliers, portaging their canoes and breaking their trails. But even these men knew how, at times, to make their sacrifices count for the Faith; far from going about breathing sentimentally of "*le bon Dieu*," as he did recently on the screen, Radisson, for one, brought the grace of "*le bon Dieu*" to Indian infants through Baptism, and knelt, we may be sure, before Him on His altars in the wilderness.

And those other *voyageurs*, those of God—sacrifice was their daily bread. The Jesuit, Joseph-Jean Marest, working among the Sioux, the Oblate, Father Hennepin, and his companions, captive among these same savages—they knew sacrifice. The region counts at least two missionaries who were cruelly put to death by the savages out of hatred of the Faith. And all this was fruitful, as true sacrifice always is: from the toils of these men sprang up settlements and came names that re-echo with American history—the Falls of Saint Anthony, Fort Beauharnois, Frontenac, Fort Saint Charles, the Lake of the Woods—and all the glories of the present splendid Archdiocese have their roots in soil that was made fertile by noble blood, shed nobly in a noble cause.

And so it is that all the glorious past of the Minnesota region is going to feel at home among the tremendous crowds that are now kneeling and praying at the Ninth National Eucharistic Congress, being held at Saint Paul, June 23-26. For the theme of this corporate act of faith and love is: *Our Eucharistic King Glorified by Sacrifice*.

From the sermon, delivered on June 24 by the Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop

of Chicago, at the Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Papal Legate, His Eminence Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, when the theme is to be *Christ Glorified by His Own Sacrifice*, down through all the twenty-three sectional meetings, the constant motif is to be sacrifice. This is the ideal to be held high for clergy, parents, teachers, journalists, the young men in the service, and all the other groups—the ideal of selfless, supernatural devotion, which glorifies, not the priest, the parent, the teacher, but Christ in the Sacrament of His love.

National Eucharistic Congresses have come a long way since the first was held in Washington, D. C., in 1895. Attending that were six Archbishops, fourteen Bishops and 250 priests. Six years before, Most Rev. John Ireland, first Archbishop of Saint Paul, had carried out his project for a National Catholic Congress of laymen, in connection with the celebration, held in Baltimore, of the centenary of the American Hierarchy. Twelve hundred lay delegates were chosen to attend this Congress, and even at that late date there was apprehension that such a gathering of Catholic men might give rise to protest and unpleasantness.

But now look at what is scheduled at Saint Paul this week! Present are fifteen Archbishops, sixty-one Bishops, and facilities are ready for the celebration of 3,500 Masses a day. Addresses of welcome to the Papal Legate are being made by the Honorable Harold E. Strassen, Governor of Minnesota, and by the Mayors of the Twin Cities. Six broadcasts over nation-wide hookups are being carried by the National Broadcasting Company. Parking places for 40,000 cars are ready. The Executive Committee has reserved all hotel rooms for the four days. At the Children's Mass on June 25, 10,000 voices make up the choir.

More than 450,000 pilgrims are attending the Congress; 1,500 Boy Scouts, from the regular parish troops of the Archdiocese, are on special service; one hundred special police officers are stationed at the Eucharistic Center; physicians from two hospitals, registered nurses, and the Red Cross Life Saving Division are posted at strategic points to deal with emergencies. In the final procession, twenty-five official banners and pennants wave aloft, making the air, as the pilgrims' hearts are, bright and gay with welcome for our Eucharistic Lord.

Yes, even down to the last-minute touch of modernity of having cellophane capes provided to protect priceless vestments in case of rain, nothing humanly possible has been left uncared for, unthought-out, to bring the splendor and the might of Catholic love for the Holy Eucharist mightily and movingly before the eyes of all America.

At the National Eucharistic Center, on the night of June 24, the men are to have their Holy Hour, to be immediately followed by Midnight Mass, at which a hundred priests will distribute Holy Communion. Wednesday begins with Pontifical Mass for the children, parents and teachers. Holy Hours for youth and for women are being held in the Municipal Auditoriums of both the Twin Cities. On

Thursday there is a Pontifical Mass for all the Pilgrims, and in the afternoon, these days of deep and tangible faith come to a close with two high points.

At 1.30 P.M., the Holy Father is scheduled to speak to the Congress and to the world from Vatican City, and at 5.30 at the Eucharistic Center, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, led up to by a Liturgical Procession through Como Park, is to be given to the hundreds of thousands, who echo in their hearts the *Te Deum* with which the Congress closes.

An interesting feature of the Congress is the celebration of Holy Mass according to two Eastern Liturgies. On Thursday, in the Cathedral in Saint Paul, Mass is to be said in the Maronite Rite, and on the same day, in the Basilica of Saint Mary in Minneapolis, in the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite. These serve as a visible sign of that unity evident during the four days.

Of course, all this counting of heads, all this totting up of figures, and lists of names, impressive as it is, is not the thing that makes the Congress a success. It takes more than that really to "put it over." The Hierarchy has realized that, as we all do, and so, the Sunday preceding the Congress, June 22, has been set aside as a General Communion day for the success of the Congress, in all the parishes of the Archdiocese, and indeed, of the United States.

Perhaps it is not too fanciful to see a very significant symbolism in the fact that the Papal Legate will reside during the Congress in the Summit Avenue mansion that was once the residence of James J. Hill, "the empire builder." Cardinal Dougherty will be at the Congress as the personal representative of another, and greater, empire builder, and the empire, the kingdom, of the Faith in America will be growing with giant strides during these four days, when all this corporate and public worship is lifting, through the hidden working of God's grace, not only Catholic America, but all American hearts to sacrifice in union with Him Who gave the word and the deed its halo of glory.

Certainly, if the theme of a Eucharistic Congress ever dove-tailed with the needs of the times, the theme of this Ninth Congress, the theme of Sacrifice, fits in with today's state of affairs. But the sacrifice that will win the world again, as was the Sacrifice that saved the world, must be a selfless one. When hundreds of thousands of Catholics gather together and meditate and live that truth for four days, publicly and openly and proudly, there will, please God, be some national and international results.

One of the groups traveling to the Congress will attend Mass in the natural amphitheatre at the exact headwaters of the Mississippi River, and the day they kneel there for the Holy Sacrifice will be the eleventh anniversary of the canonization of the North American Martyrs. The National Eucharistic Congress at Saint Paul is, for these four glorious days, the headwaters of a mighty river of grace, and from that grace springs up another harvest of holy souls, imbued with the spirit of sacrifice, the spirit of the Martyrs.

PIERRE TOUSSAINT CATHOLIC NEGRO

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

ONE of the most interesting of New York's Catholic landmarks, though the present generation hardly seems to appreciate it, is old St. Patrick's Cathedral and its graveyard at Mott and Mulberry Streets, once the largest Irish parish in the city but now an almost exclusively Italian congregation.

The church property, consisting of twenty-five city lots, was purchased, for cemetery purposes, at various dates from 1801 to 1813, and we learn from a paper on New York's cemeteries, contributed, in 1900, to the United States Catholic Historical Society's *Historical Records and Studies* (Vol. I, part 2) from May, 1813, when the official records begin, to March, 1833, when the cemetery closed, there were 32,153 persons buried there. The church itself was begun in 1809 and located on the property when the Trustees of St. Peter's saw that a second parish was needed in the city and made this the site for a cathedral for the first Bishop, whose early arrival was expected by the administrator, Father A. Kohlmann, S.J.

The completed church was dedicated May 4, 1815. Under the shadow of its walls, therefore, this legion of the pioneers of the Faith sleep their last sleep and, sad as it is to admit it, the resting places of many of them, even very notable figures in their day, cannot now be identified.

An example is that of Andrew Morris, who was then one of the most affluent merchants of New York. The treasurer of the fund that built the church, he subscribed \$2,000 to it, big money at that time, and superintended its construction. He was the first Catholic to be elected to a civic office in New York, an alderman in 1802, and to the Assembly in 1816. He was one of the organizers—the trustees—of St. Peter's parish in 1789 and its free school, March 30, 1806, now the oldest free school in the city.

With Cornelius Heeney he took title for Father Kohlmann in 1810, of the present site of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, for the first Jesuit college. In 1803 he entertained Bishop John Carroll *en route* to Boston to dedicate the old Franklin Street church, at his country villa which was at what is now Third Avenue and Seventeenth Street. He was a director in New York's first Savings Bank and of the Mechanics Bank. He died January 7, 1828 and was buried in old St. Patrick's but there is no record where the grave was.

A lesser figure of the social life of New York in the early years of the last century but one also of very special interest was Pierre Toussaint, the most conspicuously outstanding Negro Catholic in the history of New York. Born in Haiti, in 1776,

he was brought to New York a slave servant in the family of Jean Bérard, in 1787, and from that date, until his death, June 30, 1853, at the age of eighty-seven, he was a most active and honored member of St. Peter's parish.

"There were few left among the clergy superior to him," said St. Peter's pastor, Vicar General Quinn, preaching at his Requiem there, "in zeal and devotion to the Church and for the glory of God. Among the laymen not one." He was buried beside his wife and a little niece who was adopted by him, in old St. Patrick's graveyard, but, in the lapse of years, the location was forgotten until very recently, when an industrious history student at Seton Hall College, Mr. Charles Hubert McTague, who became much interested in the story of Toussaint's career, after much delving into the old entries in the book of the Cemetery Office of St. Patrick's Trustees, got the clues that led him to find the old tombstone with its almost obliterated inscriptions on the north side of old St. Patrick's churchyard.

Careful rubbings of the crumbling stone, and a powerful magnifying glass disclosed these fragments of the markings:

✠
I H S
PIERRE
LA MEMOIRE
EUPHEMIE
ADOPTED—DR.
TOUSSAINT
W YORK
1829

In view of this interesting discovery the Catholic Interracial Council has arranged to hold a memorial tribute to Toussaint at his grave, at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, June 29, to which it invites the members and their friends to assist in an appropriate program. Present will be various descendants, now prominent in New York life of families familiar with Toussaint in his day.

While gathering material for his splendid history of Old St. Peter's, the Mother Church of Catholic New York, Dr. Leo R. Ryan, found in the Public Library, a collection of letters and papers belonging to Toussaint that had been given to the Library by Miss Georgine Schuyler of the historic family whose members had been his devoted friends during his long life. Dr. Ryan made instructive selections from them for a paper he wrote for Volume XXV (1935) of the United States Catholic Historical Society's *Historical Records and Studies* and in which he says:

This collection contains much interesting material dealing with the events and characters connected with the Church in New York. It is a mine of information on the charitable activities of a devout Negro Catholic who possessed the respect of all, regardless of race. The most of the letters are in French and are from correspondents of various states of social life from prominent ladies of New York whom Toussaint served as a *coiffeur* and who learned to trust him as a confidant and to love him for his charity and kindness, and who wrote him in the most playful and intimate way. . . . There are

letters from friends of his own race, particularly Haitians whose names are those of the aristocratic French families of that country. There are finally some charming letters written to Toussaint by a little niece, whom he adopted and whose welfare was dear to his heart.

Little Euphémie, whom he adopted, having no children of his own, was the daughter of his sister, a sickly child who lived only fourteen years from her birth in 1815. In the care he devoted to her, blending devotion and affection, there was an intelligent understanding of the value of religious and moral education. She wrote him two letters a week, one in French and one in English, and from them we get a delightful glimpse of New York life from the viewpoint of a child at that time.

Toussaint, as a confidential servant of the Bérard family, was given the education customary for favorites of the household. Political troubles drove the family to New York in 1787, and when later Bérard started back to the West Indies to try to save some of his property, he died on the voyage, leaving his widow penniless. She had Pierre trained as a hairdresser, an avocation that in those days was a most profitable social asset. Toussaint by his deft skill, intelligence, grace and amiable personality, became popular in fashionable circles.

Henry Binsse, in an article he wrote for Volume XII of *Historical Records and Studies* (1918), says that he found this description of his appearance in *The Echoes of a Belle*, a fashionable novel of the period, where, after dwelling upon his importance to the successful debutante for her entrance into society, it says: "He entered with his good tempered face, small ear-rings and white teeth, a snowy apron attached to his shoulders and enveloping his tall, active, graceful figure."

Another woman, distinguished for her refined taste, said of him: "Some of the pleasantest hours I pass are in conversation with Toussaint while he is dressing my hair. I anticipate it as a daily recreation." Miss E. F. Cary of Boston, a convert, relates: "When I was young I used to hear Protestants speak with reverence of two Catholics, the great Fénélon and the humble Toussaint, and it made a great impression on my mind."

His earnings were considerable and he devoted them, until her death in 1810, to the support of the penniless Madame Bérard. Then he lived a simple, modest life and the surplus of his earnings was given to charity and good works. The orphan asylum had his steadfast support from 1821 to 1844. Renting a pew was then the certificate of church membership, and the still extant receipts show that Pierre had his, No. 25 in Old St. Peter's.

He attended Mass daily and during all those sixty-six years led a life that now would be considered a model for ideal Catholic law action and practical, fruitful social welfare work. The list of those from whom he received subscriptions for his charities included the names of the most socially prominent. "The Officers and Managers of the Ladies Association attached to the Orphan Asylum," reads a resolution, "tender to Mr. P. Toussaint their sincere thanks for the generous manner in which he annually comes to their assistance."

OUR LABOR WARS

FOR the past fortnight, war news has occupied the first pages of our newspapers. But not all of it refers to the war in Europe or in Asia. On several days, the chief items of interest were our disturbing labor wars.

The reaction of the public is distinctly, and not perhaps with complete justice, unfavorable to organized labor. No understanding friend of the labor union has been alienated, but millions of Americans are coming to believe that sedition as well as racketeering is a necessary characteristic of every labor organization. "If organized labor had deliberately set out to cut its own throat," commented Senator Norris, of Nebraska, a consistent champion of the union for decades, "the job could not have been done more effectively than these so-called labor leaders have done it."

For years, this Review has called upon organized labor to clean house, and for this warning has been stigmatized by some as an enemy of the workers' right to organize. It welcomed the rise of the C.I.O. as an attempt, likely to succeed, in organizing industries in which the union had never been able to get a foothold. Yet before many months had passed, the presence of Communists, welcomed by John L. Lewis, began to destroy the value of the C.I.O. Material gains were made by the Committee in the steel and automobile industries but at the same time those moral values upon which the real success of every labor organization is conditioned were subtly and effectively attacked by organizers who took their orders from Moscow.

It has long been evident that Communism was destroying the worth of the C.I.O. as a protector of the rights of the worker. It is now becoming evident that unless this Communistic influence can be eradicated, the C.I.O. will hereafter function chiefly as an instrument of sedition.

Unfortunately, the men whom Senator Norris denounces as "so-called labor leaders" have made the public forget that the workers in some war industries have real grievances. They are asked to forego the right to strike, but they are given no readily available tribunal to which they can appeal for a speedy redress of wrongs. It should be obvious to every fair-minded observer that when a worker relinquishes a right, an obligation to give him full protection is created, and that this obligation must be enforced, when necessary, by the civil authority. If it is not enforced in a manner which guards effectively the worker's right to appeal, the influence of Communism will grow stronger. It has long been our opinion that the best way of fighting Communism is to destroy the industrial and economic evils which furnish the Communist with his most persuasive arguments.

More care by the Government to avoid contracts which allow profiteering, and more firmness by the unions in expelling trouble-makers, will do much to solve our war-time labor problems. What all parties in these conflicts need is a deeper understanding of the laws of justice and charity.

EDITOR

APPEASEMENT?

IS Philip Murray trying to appease the Communists in the C.I.O.? If so, he is trying to do what cannot and should not be done. Overlooking the Communist influence which brought about strikes in the factories most vitally necessary to the defense program, Mr. Murray writes, in his letter of June 16, that the C.I.O. is not engaged in purges or "Red hunts," and that "there have been no changes in the fundamental policies of the C.I.O." One of those policies under John L. Lewis was toleration of Communists. We had hoped for an all-out rejection of this policy by Mr. Murray.

TOTALITARIANISM

THERE is a deal of loose talk in these troubled days about "totalitarian" government. We are supposed to shudder at the very sound of the phrase. If we really understood what totalitarian government means, our shuddering would be as continuous as the quivering of an aspen leaf in the autumn breeze.

Totalitarian government reduces the citizen to the condition of a cog in a political machine. Unlike the Declaration of Independence, it recognizes no human rights, because it rejects God, the source and sanction of all rights, including the rights of the legitimate state. Rejecting God, it also rejects the Christian doctrine that man is made in the image and likeness of God. With this doctrine it rejects Christianity, and the code of morality founded upon the revelation of God in Christ Jesus, His Son, the Redeemer of the world.

The highest view of the individual possible to totalitarianism is that man is an animal, differing in degree, but not in kind, from the beast of the field. It is the function of the totalitarian government to concede to this animal, and to revoke at will, certain grants which, under the Christian dispensation, are called human or natural rights. Hence totalitarianism necessarily holds that the ancient doctrine according to which every human being is vested with natural rights, untouchable by the state, since they have been conferred upon him by God, his Creator, is a deadly enemy, with which there can be no compromise.

Thus described, the totalitarian government

PEACE

AT their appearance before a House Committee last week, the Secretary of War and his assistant, A. A. Berle, Jr., testified that "we face the possibility of a long war, a very strong possibility." Even should the United States enter the war, added Mr. Berle, there is no reason to look for "a rapid conclusion of hostilities." These officials may be wholly mistaken, but their words should impel every Catholic to join with Pius XII in fervent prayer that peace may soon be restored to an agonized world. In prayer and in sacrifice, we can find the hope that is never daunted.

ISM AND EDUCATION

is an inhuman instrument for the debasement of man. The description is accurate, but it is not always recognized, since the totalitarian government can, for a time, elevate the stage of man's material prosperity. Thus totalitarianism under Hitler has made the Nazi Government one of the most powerful of our day. Ten years ago, Germany was a slave in chains, but today it makes its former masters tremble. Since, however, this Nazi Government is essentially inhuman, as well as anti-Christian, it can offer its people no guarantee of true and permanent prosperity. It is bound to fall, for it bears within itself the seeds of disintegration.

It may be profitable for us to inquire into the progress of totalitarianism in this country. As long as the Constitution is held in honor, and scrupulously obeyed as the fundamental law of the land, totalitarianism can gain no foothold among us. But, as Washington warned us, the Constitution can be effectively destroyed by false but plausible interpretations which, on the alleged ground that some imperative need must be met and provided for, undermine its principles and destroy its purpose.

Among the most dangerous of these interpretations is that which holds that the supreme authority in education is the state. As the Archbishop of Cincinnati pointed out last week: "This is a principle of the totalitarian state." Every lover of the American way of life must uphold the Catholic and genuinely American teaching that the right and duty of educating the child belong to its parents.

HITLER'S LOCAL AIDS

GIVING a somewhat loose rein to his imagination, a New York editorial writer recently presented a graphic picture of what our defense would be, were New York threatened by Hitler's navy and air-bombers. We have four separate groups of defense planes in the metropolitan area, all of which could be summoned to action. But thousands of yards of red tape would at once be wrapped around the wings and the propellers of these machines, for the four groups are controlled by four distinct authorities, and two of these, to use a familiar figure, are not on speaking terms.

In case Hitler decides to attack this country by open warfare, it is probable enough that New York would be his chief target, although he might prefer to begin with Washington. That he would hit either target, assuming that it fits within his plans to declare war against us, is somewhat doubtful. We pass no opinion on the editor's low estimate of the value of New York's defenses, or on the celerity with which they could be marshalled. That is a matter which belongs to military experts, and experts are few. What engages our attention at the moment is the condition of the city which may become Hitler's prime target.

Cities are not defended by guns alone. Guns are of importance, but of equal importance is the spirit of the inhabitants who man the guns, or direct their use. Guns are worthless when, through the negligence of the authorities, a whole herd of Trojan horses has been brought within the walls. Within the last six years, New York has observed within the city ramparts, steeds which bear a suspicious resemblance to the stock which brought tall Troy down in ruins. By favor of the city authorities, they have been introduced as animals which are particularly valuable in these times. One of them, Russell by name, a steed of British stock, was caught as he entered the city, garlanded with flowers like a winner of the Kentucky Derby, but was turned back at the last moment by indignant citizens. Others of smaller fame, but of perhaps greater power to do harm, had already been introduced by the city authorities. Usually they have been placed near some publicly-supported school or college, to awaken the admiration of our brash but inexperienced young people, and there they are supported at the expense of the public.

At an address to the Veterans of Foreign Wars on June 15, the Hon. Alfred J. Talley, for years a leader in public affairs, carried the parable into another chapter. According to Judge Talley, sworn testimony shows that Communist and Nazi organizers have been permitted to bore into all the city's departments as well as into the city's schools. "The danger from within," said Judge Talley, "is just as formidable as it is from without."

Working under great handicaps, some imposed by political leaders, the Dies Committee has exposed the machinations of Communists in the Federal Government. It seems to us that most of our large cities need a Dies Committee to investigate

the local field. In a spirit of false toleration, we have permitted men whose political philosophy is destructive of the principles on which this country's institutions are based, to bore into our schools and colleges, and to assume control of some of the most vital functions of our cities. Hitler's bombing planes are dangerous, but more fatal to our welfare are Hitler's local aides.

COMMENCEMENT ORATIONS

JUNE brings roses, and also commencement addresses. Excellent as many of these orations are, they are rarely heard by the young men and women for whose benefit they have been carefully prepared. Other matters commonly occupy the minds of the fledgling bachelors at that time, the chief being relief that the long grind has at last ended (only to begin, as they are mercifully unaware, a longer, harder grind) and, among the young women, solicitude for the proper set of their unaccustomed caps and gowns. Since veteran orators are well aware of these facts, they are commonly content to speak to the ears of those members of the faculty whose office obliges them to be present, and in the hope that they may reach an unseen audience through the press.

This hope, however, is not invariably fulfilled. What city editors want for their columns is news of an arresting nature.

A slight change in the nature of the commencement address might be productive of happier results. Instead of inviting an eminent personage to address the graduates, the college might ask him to address the officers and faculty. Under the existing arrangement, the orator inevitably wastes much of his wisdom on arid soil. Could this wisdom be channeled to the faculty, commencements would be invested with a lively interest which undergraduates do not commonly perceive. What the public expects from the college, is one topic which the speaker might discuss, and what the public is getting, is another. Since the orator would not fail to stress the good qualities of the faculty, the undergraduates might acquire a new and juster estimate of these learned and devoted men, while the faculty itself would be encouraged to entertain their secret suspicion that they were capable of improvement, and would adopt measures to insure a change.

All teachers are generously, but not always profitably, advised. Horace Greeley used to say that any fool knew he could "run a paper" better than the editor, and most of us feel that a great change would be observed in our young people were we, and those like us, put at the head of our colleges. We do not, then, suggest that more advice be offered, but that our faculties be served with a new kind. The novelty would please them, we think, and also the commencement orator; as for the undergraduates, we are certain that they would find it highly enjoyable. May we hope that the college commencement programs for 1942 will feature the "Address to the Faculty"?

CATCHERS OF MEN

THERE are times in the history of every people when the Government finds that it is necessary to call upon every citizen to give some special service. In the ordinary routine of peace time, the Government can readily obtain all the aid that it needs. Some men enrol in the Army or the Navy, others seek employment in the various departments of the Government, and there are always plenty who ask their fellow citizens to elect them to office. But in an emergency, the Government needs aid of a different type, and then if volunteers do not come forward to serve, it can suffer great harm.

There are similar times in the history of the Church, the supreme spiritual government established by Christ. In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, v, 1-11) we read how Our Lord called Simon, and with him, James and John, the sons of Zebedee, to leave all things, and to follow Him. These simple men were washing their nets, after a night of fishing, when Jesus entered the boat of Peter, and sitting there, began to preach a sermon to the people. At its conclusion, He bade Peter "put out into the deep," and then to let down his nets. Peter objected that they had toiled all night and had caught nothing, "but at thy word I will let down the net." The catch was so heavy that the net broke, and he was obliged to call James and John to help him. The result so astonished Peter that he fell at the feet of Jesus, confessing his sinfulness. In reply Our Blessed Lord told him and his companions that henceforth they were to catch not fish, but men. "And . . . they left all, and followed him."

In all ages of the Church, generous souls have imitated the Apostles. Like the fish which Peter caught, they have been of all kinds. Peter himself and Paul and Augustine, had been great sinners. Others, Saint Aloysius, for example, and Agnes, and Philip Neri, had followed their Lord from their youth upward. Some have served God in the missionary field, some in the classroom, some in country parishes, and some in the silence and recollection of the cloister. The type of service has varied, but the purpose of all has been the same. They have followed Christ to become fishers of men. That is their vocation, their calling from God, and by working in it to the end, they saved their own souls, and helped thousands to find their eternal home in the Kingdom of God.

Is our modern youth less generous? Today the Church has great need of approved workmen, for the simple reason that her mission now extends over all the world. In times such as ours, that need daily becomes more pressing. Pastors, teachers, parents, and all who come in contact with young people will greatly aid in the extension of the Church's work by explaining to our young people, boys and girls, the greatness of this vocation to be catchers of men, and by prudently encouraging those whose character and abilities indicate fitness for the higher life. To help young men and women to recognize and follow the call to the consecrated life, is to help the Church in her labors for the salvation of souls.

CORRESPONDENCE

MIDSUMMER WISHES

EDITOR: I am fed up with your paper and your editorials discussing this war. As if it is something the interventionists are dragging us into, which we could avoid by doing nothing. Who is on the move, if it isn't paganism in its worst form, and why should we be spared when all other countries, just as peace-loving have been overwhelmed? Do you realize, that unless we act now and soon it may be too late to save us from the terrible fate of England?

Do you realize how selfish, un-Catholic, unspiritual, pacifist your attitude is? Dodging responsibility, evading true issues, juggling with politics and the opinion of your readers. Not even once have you dared publish any of my numerous letters, because they might disagree with your precious readers.

There is one thing I hope. If this brutal force does come down here, I hope you and other pusillanimous philistine Catholics will be the first to be persecuted. But I know it won't be. They'll make some kind of a miserable deal which will allow them to skulk around in corners, and it will be the Catholics who dare speak their mind that will get the brunt of it all.

We are living in a revolution; Catholics are being killed by the thousands.

Washington, D. C.

HILDA VAN S. MARLIN

REPRINTS

EDITOR: I wrote a letter to the Dubuque *Telegraph-Herald* last week in which I gave a long quotation from AMERICA relative to our Washington officials' mail. This very condensed and informative paragraph from your esteemed national weekly I thought worthy of much wider reading.

When I saw my letter in print, this thought came to me: How many times have I seen editorials taken from our Catholic papers and quoted in the secular press? Not so many; not so many. I wonder why? Well, I guess the run-of-the-mine metropolitan editors don't search much through our Catholic papers and magazines for golden nuggets to quote in their editorial columns.

Since this is not common, how about us Catholics keeping a weather eye out for especially fine quotations with a general reader interest and submitting them to our weekly or daily papers for reprint? . . .

One of my pastimes since school days has been trying to get the swing of editors' tastes and I have always given careful consideration to probable reasons why my letter was not published and usually I have concluded with the editor to whom I sent my communication that it was better left unprinted.

I am saying this, merely, to advise those who

might submit an extract from a Catholic publication to a secular editor and have it turned down.

Don't give it up as a useless effort; try and try again; experiences will astonish you.

Epworth, Iowa.

REV. WM. M. HOLUB

TEXT BOOKS

EDITOR: Anent Francis Dermot's article on democracy as shredded to collegians, something on how it is taught to high schoolers might be of interest. In a small school library I find four textbooks on civics. They ought to be fairly representative.

I have always thought the Fourth of July our national holiday, commemorative of the Declaration of Independence and the basic philosophy of American Government and American ideals *forevermore*.

But not *forevermore* for *Civic Training*, a book by Hughes of the Pittsburgh public schools. No space could be found for the Declaration in its 387 pages. There are, however, two quotations of two lines each therefrom. Score two for Pittsburgh.

And not *forevermore*, for students of *Community Life and Civic Problems*, by Hill of the University of Chicago. It does not contain the Declaration of Independence nor in all its 528 pages does there seem to be any textual reference thereto. Maybe that was before Hutchins had arrived at Chicago. Zero for Chicago.

Not *forevermore*, for *American Government*, by Magruder, of Oregon State and Princeton University. The preface says the work is revised annually and speaks of its phenomenal success. Thousands, then, must have studied it, but I think not one of them ever found in its 755 pages a single sentence that mentioned by name the Declaration of Independence. Of course, the Declaration itself found no room there. To a distinguished educator I mentioned the fact of seeing a book on civics with the Declaration left out. He promptly said the book should be thrown out of the school system. When I named the publishers, he said their books were usually fine. That remark makes me wonder if publishers also have some responsibility for textbooks. Sauce for college gander is not sauce for high-school geese.

The fourth book, *The Citizen and the Republic*, by Woodbyrn and Moran, of Indiana State, contains the Declaration in full and devotes to its dis-

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)

cussion a good part of the last chapter. Score 100 for the Hoosier State. The Fourth of July is still being celebrated there.

St. Louis, Mo.

H. D.

OBEDIENT BRIDE

EDITOR: I am one of the ignorant readers of AMERICA and it has helped me this many a day to set my lovely, charitable Protestant relatives straight in Catholic Church matters—that is, in my feeble way. I have always bragged that a Catholic bride does *not* promise to obey, as the Protestants did, possibly do now—at least, many of the Protestant ministers ask it.

Advice to Byzantine Brides (AMERICA, June 14) by John LaFarge, quotes Saint Chrysostom: "She . . . has promised as she ought, to love *and obey* him all the days of her life." Well, I was married in the Church; in my vow or vows the word *obey* was not used; neither have I found it in the Nuptial Mass when attending Catholic Church weddings. In fact, some of the Catholic clergy lean the other way (but not in the marriage service).

Can I have an explanation?

ADDRESS WITHHELD

K.

ALPHABET WRANGLE

EDITOR: I know nothing of the identity either of T. J. S. or J. P. R. and nothing about either beyond their letters (AMERICA, May 24, June 14). But these are enough, as far as J. P. R. is concerned.

Had he thought at all, J. P. R. never would have written that letter, for it proves his character, or lack of it. He has yet to answer the simple questions posed by T. J. S.: (1) Does J. P. R. affirm that the triumph of Hitler would *not* be a disaster to the Church? (2) Will he say the threat of Nazi domination in Europe means nothing to a Catholic in this country?

In attempting to evade the issue, J. P. R. wrote about "whirling dervishes who whoop up religion, morality and democracy," resorting to the familiar technique of Marx and his Communist brethren. Any Christian and American knows that religion, morality and democracy are not "whooped up," but are living, vital things.

Personally, I suspect that J. P. R. is not at heart a Christian at all, and at heart is a fellow traveler.

New York, N. Y.

F. X. M.

MAMA MUST BE RIGHT

EDITOR: The reason why many children go wrong can be traced directly to the mothers. I say mothers because it is they who are with their children more during their formative years. My experience as a teacher in the public schools in various parts of Ohio, including visits to homes of my pupils and associations with members of the local communities has aided me in arriving at this judgment.

Most mothers have gone through the school of hard knocks and it has done them good. Nevertheless, they are selfish and often lack a certain measure of firmness.

Of course, punishment will hurt, else it would not be punishment. It will do no harm if mama is sure she is right and keeps her temper under control.

A youngster has a conscience which is often much keener than an adult's is. When he does wrong he knows it and will only respect and love his mother the more if she deals out punishment in return for misdeeds.

Union City, Ind.

HERBERT W. WALTER

FOREIGN INVESTMENTS

EDITOR: In a communication published in AMERICA (February 22) the writer attributed the cause of the war to the fact that "billions of British and American belongings were invested in Germany, and like all foreign investments they couldn't be brought home."

Under date of June 16 the New York Times makes editorial comment on the President's order freezing Axis assets, and states that against total German and Italian dollar assets, estimated to be between \$300,000,000 and \$400,000,000,

United States nationals have investments in Germany estimated at between \$475,000,000 and \$500,000,000, plus an undeterminable amount of outstanding German dollar bonds. Germany has, however, limited the degree to which she could retaliate, because United States assets in that country have been pretty thoroughly frozen for years.

The "undeterminable" amount of German bonds owned by British and Americans are determinable at least as "billions," and even their pseudo-payment requires that Germany have elbow-room for economic development, for the reinvestment of principal and interest of American and British-owned securities. This problem is not peculiar to investments in Germany; but other countries have not been so blocked in their fields for investments. And the whole problem is not new. It was anticipated by George E. Roberts, of the National City Bank of New York, who said, as reported in the New York Tribune, August 15, 1918, in reference to the United States becoming a "creditor" nation:

What are we going to do, then, with this accruing interest! About the only course open to us is to capitalize it, reinvest it abroad and go on reinvesting the proceeds abroad. We are out in the world to stay because we can never get our belongings home.

Mr. Roberts' statement means that all foreign investments are frozen as soon as they are made. In other words, foreign debts are unpayable in the country which they left as investments. They are simply transferred to newer territories.

International financing is similar to the racket of paying interest out of new investments. When we cease to make new investments in any foreign country, we prevent that country from paying principal or interest on existing investments. It is only our new loans to Finland that enabled that country to pay on the old ones, and it now undoubtedly owes us more than ever. But our financiers own so much more of Finland.

Providence, R. I.

M. P. CONNERY

LITERATURE AND ARTS

SURSUM CORDA IN THE LIBRARY

KATHERINE BRÉCY

IT is a truism, of course, and an immemorial one at that, to comment on the existence of devitalizing people: people with whom we not only cannot be at our best but with whom our powers become so strangely negative or disintegrated or stagnant that we are scarcely anything at all. And some few years ago that subtle critic, Maurice Barrès, pointed out that music, being "allied to the forces of the universe," could either "regulate or disturb" those forces. Particularly in the Orient he found a knowledge and a use of what he calls the "music of perdition." Of a certainty, much modern music is quite consciously barbaric, and sensual rather than sensuous in its appeal. If not actually evil, it is indubitably neurotic.

But because literature deals with the words and moods of actual life, its power for inspiration or for defeatism is second only to the human personality itself. In some instances its power is even greater, because of the unreasonably hypnotic effect of publication—the authority which we still attribute to the printed rather than the spoken word, although we know too well that newspapers are not the only silent liars. We may, at the moment, be moved deeply by a message flashed upon the screen or heard by radio; almost never does it stay in the memory as distinctly as the thing we have read at leisure in sharp black and white. For one thing, we soon forget what we see or hear, while what is published stays with us for reference or reiteration.

This is the colossal responsibility of literature—its responsibility to life, to the people who read it. In the crowded and crucial years through which we are passing, it may well become the arraignment of literature. Not long ago, in a penetrating essay, *On Literature Today*, Dr. Van Wyck Brooks, admitting that "a mood of desperate unhappiness reigns in the world," that superficially at least "the cards of our time are all stacked in favor of . . . a somewhat sterile despair," went on to point out how many of our most popular writers have "passively wallowed in misery, calling it fate."

Some of the authors he singles out for this dubious and devilish distinction—for surely to spread misery and melancholy is the devil's own proper work!—are Joyce, Hemingway, Eugene O'Neill (until the last few years), Dreiser, William Faulk-

ner, John Dos Passos and James T. Farrell. And it seems to me quite infernally significant how many of these writers are what we call "fallen away" Catholics: men who have had the Faith by way of family backgrounds or temporary conversion, and have lost it. For there is no tragedy in the world comparable to knowing—or even half-knowing—and then losing the Catholic Faith. The despair of Judas was infinitely more hopeless than the remorse of Pontius Pilate. It was hopelessness itself.

Unfortunately the list of these ringleaders of defeat—whatever their intentions may be—could be stretched to include the authors of many of our commercially contrived "best sellers," and all of those novels and plays which send us away with a vague feeling of "we can't be as bad as all that." If the adolescent disenchantment of so many popular novelists can, as Dr. Brooks believes, be traced back to the aged disenchantment of such philosophers as Bertrand Russell, it can also be charged up to the soulless irony of an Anatole France or the long morbidity of a John Cowper Powys. And to the cynicism which T. S. Eliot has outgrown one might add the obsessional abnormalities which Robinson Jeffers has never outgrown.

One might go further still. In fact, M. Jacques Barzun does go definitely further in his recent and highly suggestive volume on *Darwin, Marx and Wagner*. These three men, he holds, have largely colored modern thought in "the three great relations that cause us the deepest concern—science and religion, science and society, society and art." In the case of Darwin and Karl Marx the influence was wholly on the side of materialism—either "scientific" or "dialectic"—while Wagner represented the emotional and artistic reaction, chiefly in the mood of Germanic paganism. So M. Barzun sums up his case by declaring:

The contempt for science preached by Hitler, the release of idealistic feelings which his crusade affords, and the racial mysticism which flavors the whole are all explosive manifestations of a humanity starved on mechanical materialism and goaded to violence by its concrete results.

Perhaps another significant straw in the wind is the fact that the past few months have brought critical biographies of those prime but very different apostles of egoism and the superman, Nietzsche

and Goethe. Their grandiose assumptions, too, are finding a sceptical questioning.

Do our critics begin at long last to suspect what centrifugal forces have led us to the present impasse of civilization? Do they begin to see the role played by anti-Christian literature in the realm of ideas? There is every evidence that France sees it in the humiliation and crucifixion of her military defeat. It might be well if some of the rest of us, not yet defeated or humiliated, made it more real to ourselves, and turned from the tainted to the clear waters. For if disintegrating literature is a poison to humanity, the reverse is also happily true: "ill is statured to its opposite."

Dr. Brooks' observation that "influence in literature goes with intensity" is a very pregnant one. What the author feels passionately, whether it be true or false, he will make others feel. So perhaps it is our own fault as well as our misfortune that we have rather taken for granted the constructive side of criticism, forgetting how much quicker it is to tear down than to build up, how much easier to lead toward confusion than toward peace. Henri Ghéon tells us in his autobiography, *L'Homme Né de la Guerre*, the tragedy of many youthful and inquiring souls—drifting from faith toward secularism chiefly because religious truths were not presented with "that living magnetism which captivates the young." Wherever the positive side—faith against unfaith, order and beauty against anarchy and ugliness, courage against cowardice—has been expressed with *intensity* it has prevailed. Paul Claudel, in spite of intricacies of thought and obliquities of speech, influenced with heart-shaking power a whole generation of writers and readers. It was he who reminded the vacillating Jacques Rivière: "Your place is with Péguy, Patmore, Chesterton, and if I dare say so with myself—writers all of us whose task is to restore the Catholic imagination and sensibility, which have been withered and parched for four centuries."

There is nothing tame or tepid about this *Catholic imagination and sensibility*. It is an angelic troubling of very deep waters. Through it the poet Patmore can pray Our Lady:

Grant me the steady heat
Of thought wise, splendid, sweet,
Urged by the great rejoicing wind that rings
With draught of unseen wings,
Making each phrase, for love and for delight,
Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night!

Chesterton, too, brought this intensity—is it another word for the superabundant vitality which is part of all genius?—into poetry and prose, jest and vision. It sings through all the best work of the venerable Belloc and gave promise in that of the youthful Kilmer.

Ages ago, too, it was this Catholic imagination that sparkled in and made real the work of a Chaucer, and of those unknown authors who gave us the lovely carols that made gay and devout the Christmases of those far days. All the medieval stage surged with it, often clumsy and inartistic, but always alive and speaking from and to the people of the audience, as no other stage has. In other fields as well, this Catholic imagination showed

forth its glad acceptance of life in its reality. The medieval cathedrals pictured on their portals and in their windows some of the somber and awful sides of life, but over these they raised the heaven-pointing spires.

This optimism which lifts up the heart is as different as possible from the pseudo-optimism which merely shuts the eyes. It has nothing in common with the sentimentality against which Bernard Shaw has always, and with a good deal of reason, railed. It is not afraid of realities. But it knows that bitter and ugly realities are less real, less enduring, than the eternal order and beauty of the universe and of our own Divinely-given powers.

A few days back, while going through a new edition of that popular thirteenth-century classic, *The Golden Legend*, I came upon a parable which marvelously illustrates the creative and the destructive powers of the word. It told how a company of Jewish rabbis came to dispute with Saint Sylvester; one of them insisted that Christianity must be false because it was so intimate, worshipping a God Who loved and suffered as man—whereas the very name of the true God was so overpowering that none might hear it and live. To prove his point, he ordered a mighty black bull brought into the hall; and when he whispered the dread name into the beast's ear, it rolled its eyes, bellowed and fell dead at his feet. But Sylvester was not in the least impressed. He protested that God was a bringer of life rather than death, and that the learned doctor had probably breathed the name of some potent fiend into the bull's ear. So, going over to the prostrate creature, he bade it in the name of the Lord Jesus: "Arise and go back to thy herd in peace"—which it did "gently and meekly."

What we all seem to need for a truly great literature is to have the creative intensity of human art harnessed to the service of creative but superhuman ideals—ideals that inspire life, not sterility. The forms of this literature, even the subjects, may be as varied as possible, since we have room for sober prose and soaring verse, for realism and imagination, youth and age, songs of innocence and songs of experience. But over the doors of our libraries and our classrooms—and over the desks of our authors, too—I should like to see that simple, sublime command of the Liturgy, *Sursum Corda*. Its message is summed up in a too little-known poem which Lionel Johnson dedicated to Francis Thompson:

Lift up your hearts! We lift
Them up
To God, and to God's gift,
The Passion Cup.
Lift up your hearts! Ah, so
We will:
Through storm of fire or snow
We lift them still.
Lift up your hearts! Good sooth,
We must:
Shall they, the arks of truth,
Lie filled with dust?

There is a challenge, a very human challenge, to the makers and the readers of today's literature. May it be met.

BOOKS

THE QUEEN WHOSE NOD COULD HAVE BROKEN HENRY

CATHERINE OF ARAGON By Garrett Mattingly. Little, Brown and Co. \$3.50.

IF Catherine of Aragon were a man, Thomas Cromwell once said, she would have surpassed all the heroes of history; and Thomas Cromwell had a curiously impersonal way of judging people's abilities. He realized that the woman he cunningly opposed could be neither forced nor tricked into admitting that she was not the Queen of England and the lawful wife of Henry VIII. He knew too, as most of the English people did (with the exception of Henry and the Boleyn coterie), that for a brief few years the Queen had it within her power to overthrow the government, check schism and preserve the old faith.

Catherine was a politician of a breed seldom seen in history and even more seldom successful in the scramble of international diplomacy. Her reasons for refusing to plunge England into civil war have been bewildering to both antagonists and protagonists of her case for the past four hundred years. Strong-willed, patient, intelligent, popular with the people, acknowledged their true sovereign by the lords, she could have broken Henry's power with a nod. Both greatness and weakness are hidden in her refusal to allow bloodshed.

Everyone knows that her father and mother, Ferdinand and Isabella, did not scruple to employ power politics and power theology when the peaceful means of diplomatic maneuvers and scholastic disputations failed. As a child, Catherine travelled in their itinerant court, lived in the besieging city of Santa Fe at the fall of Granada, had the precocity to recognize failures spawned from triumphs.

That was only part of her education. When she came to England at the age of fifteen she could already extemporize a Latin speech that was fluent, correct and classical. The Island was a rowdy place, restive to the touch of the first Tudor, awed by the culture of the Spanish Princess. Catherine lived out her early promise, managed statecraft like a well trained ambassadress, bolstered Henry VIII's position on the Continent until the crafty ambition of Wolsey and the bordellian virtuosity of Boleyn ousted her.

The central point of Catherine's life was, of course, her resistance to the King's divorce plans. Writes the author of this volume:

The lonely decision to fight her case to the last was the most difficult Catherine had made. . . . In its consequence for England and Christendom it was the gravest she was ever to make, one of the gravest in history. Had Catherine retired in favor of her rival, the separation of England from the Roman obedience would not have come as it did, might have been delayed for years, possibly would never have come at all.

Garrett Mattingly handles his subject with the unusual grasp of a man who knows how to make historical personages come alive. While managing to avoid cold objectivity as well as hot hostility, he presents history in its makers. Others have called Henry a "spot of blood and grease on English history," have dipped their pens in bile when writing of Wolsey, Cromwell, Cranmer and the rest, have shown Catherine as a weak-kneed, shallow, ugly fishwife. The author gets into the mind of his characters to explain why they acted in the way they did.

The book thus resulting from careful research and scholarly insight does not settle any problems, but it

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JOSEPH H. FICHTER

WHEN RELIGION DIES COUNTRIES COLLAPSE

FOR THE HEATHEN ARE WRONG. By Eugene Bagger.
Little, Brown and Co. \$3

JOURNALIST, traveler, cosmopolite, epicure, Mr. Bagger has come a long way since his *Francis Joseph: Emperor of Austria* was reviewed in AMERICA (Dec. 31, 1927) in no flattering terms. I have not read that book, but I gather from the review that things Catholic were to him at that time a bit of a mystery, as witness his references, there noted, to the "canonic" law and to the Council of "Trident."

But the same reviewer, writing of this present book, would admit that the Faith is no longer a puzzle to the author. From the very title, taken as it is from that nobly uncompromising line of the *Chanson de Roland*, "*païen unt tort e chrestiens unt dreit*," (pagans are wrong and Christians are right), this book is sensible and sound with the sanity of the Faith—with one exception.

It is in the nature of an autobiography, and so it recounts his early life in Hungary, his settling down, via Denmark and England, in America, his newspaper commission that took him to France, where he threw up his work and remained for seventeen years. In those years he came to know and to love France, and in drinking in her history and traditions, he was brought up short and sharp against the towering fact of the Christian culture that has molded Europe. If, in accepting the Bellocian thesis that European culture is essentially Mediterranean, he over-simplifies the contrast between the Builders of the South and the Raiders of the North, at least the black-and-white picture clarified for him the great fact that Europe is the Faith.

The surface theme of the book is the downfall of France, and the record of his travels and tribulations is fine reading on its own merit, but more gripping still is the picture that emerges of the deadly malady of uncertainty and lethargy that made France powerless. "The Third Republic," he states, "was not destroyed by Hitler, but by the Third Republic. Hitler only lent a hand." And the cancer that was eating away was the fatal question "what is the use?" France, he claims, had lost confidence because it had lost faith, and was down to the bitter dregs of that poison that Luther uncorked and France had drunk of since the Revolution. "Even a thousand Dr. Goebbelses would have been wholly wasted on the French of the time of Saint Louis."

The exception to the general sanity of the book is the extreme hatred he shows to all things German (though he does admire Brahms and the modern philosopher Scheler). *Delenda est Germania* is his cry, and by it he does not mean only Nazism: "Hitler is the German people," he claims.

He is too hard on Vichy and too easily convinced, I think, that our place must be in the front lines of the war. But, these matters of opinion aside, he has written a fascinating story of the growth of his mind. He has pungent and penetrating observations on criticism, psychiatry, Socialism and many another topic. It is a book well worth reading for the deeper reasons that underlie the collapse of France and the edification of a man's dormant Faith.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

THE MIDAS TOUCH THROUGH THE AGES

MEN OF WEALTH. By John T. Flynn. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75

THE American schoolboy reading Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow is all intent upon the ghost story, but he is unconsciously absorbing an accurate knowledge of the life and manners, customs and costumes of a quaint Dutch village on the banks of the lordly Hudson. In like manner the adult reader, who still finds money a mystery and its satellites, bank credit, bonds and watered stock, panic and inflation, confusion worse confounded, will read these grim and gripping stories from the pen of an artist, and at the same time learn, by a painless process, to recognize money in all its disguises and devices, in all its devilish pomps and works.

While the central theme of these biographies is always money, time, setting, characters display wide variety. There is the story of the vaulting ambition of Cecil Rhodes in South Africa; the sad, drab life of Hetty Green in her cheap Hoboken flat; the mysterious, black background stretching behind the life of the merchant of death, Basil Zaharoff; and the typical get-on, get-honor, get-honest career of the psalm singing John D. Rockefeller.

The plan of the author is to choose those characters, beginning at the Renaissance, whose lives and times best show forth the varying phases in the development of finance capitalism. Jacob Fugger is the first rich man. In this sketch the author quotes Saint Thomas of Aquin, at first sympathetically in connection with the "just price." But later he uses opprobrious epithets, and hints that Scholastic ethics became outmoded. The point the author seems to miss is this: Saint Thomas was not a prophet. He simply applied the eternal principles of justice to his own time and century. Rightly, he condemned usury in an age when money was a rare and sterile thing; but he did foresee a possible *damnum* on the part of the lender, and he allowed in equity reimbursement for the loss. In a later century, when money multiplied and became dynamic and fertile, Catholic theologians applied the old idea of *damnum* to the new conditions of money and thus found clear title for the taking of interest. The principles of justice are changeless, they vary unceasingly in their application.

Mr. Flynn says that corporatism means a dictator, but he has his eye on Fascist Italy. A nearer approach to the Papal ideal of corporatism is Portugal, now free from external debt, and reporting for 1940 a balanced budget with a modest surplus.

A bit cynical in tone, this is a worthwhile book. It entertains while it instructs. It speaks the message of Koheleth and says: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity."

GEORGE T. EBERLE

A GLANCE AT THE EDITOR'S BOOK CASE

ADDING another to his travel series, William O. Stevens gives us *The Shenandoah and Its Byways* (Dodd, Mead, \$3). This is outstandingly the work of an artist, with a keen eye not only to natural beauty, but to the characteristics of the people in the towns and villages he passed on his travels. Places and people are a good deal more than just names in this delightful adventure.

Another very pleasing piece of American travel is *The Brandywine* by Henry Seidel Canby (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50). Along this stream the early Swedish settlers built the first log cabins in America. Here the Battle of the Brandywine was fought in 1777, and here is charmingly pictured many a colorful incident in American Colonial life.

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Mauritz A. Hallgren would seem to be one of those egalitarians who conceive of democracy as a sort of licensed bad manners. Anyway, one is prone to get that idea from his *Landscape of Freedom* (Howell, Soskin, \$3.50), which seeks to determine to what extent Americans, during the past century and a half, were free to do just as they pleased in all directions. The survey ranges from Colonial blue laws down to the local bundists, and many of the so-called persecuted, if the truth must be told, got no more than was properly coming to them.

For a welcome and refreshing story of the foundation of the American nation there is *The Morning of America* by Frank J. Klingberg (Appleton-Century, \$3). The picture of Colonial life is complete and the proper distinction between the American Revolution and the Revolutionary War is clearly brought out. In fact, this is a good all-around American history, ideal for the younger generation approaching citizenship.

Mine Eyes Have Seen by Alfreda Withington (Dutton, \$3.50) is the autobiography of an American woman doctor, who has wandered around the world a great deal, and kept her eyes open during that wandering. Sometimes she must have been nodding, else she would never have said that after the Thirty Years' War Bohemia was given over to Germans and Jesuits—perhaps the assonance attracted her. But except for a few blind spots like that, this is a worthwhile autobiography.

There is an aroma of the eighteen-nineties in *John Kendrick Bangs: Humorist of the Nineties* by Francis Hyde Bangs (Knopf, \$3). Evidently Francis Hyde knew little of father Bangs, who was too much occupied in his journalistic career to have time for the youngsters. So, apparently, most of the biography is not first hand. However, Bangs *père* is spread across the whole of the picture, and the day in which he lived is well set out as an appropriate background.

How America Lives (Holt, \$3) is by J. C. Furnas and the staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and it gives a slant at life as it is lived in sixteen different American families, in income groups ranging from the lower-than-the-dust ones up to the highest-of-the-high brackets. It is well done, and if you belong to that half of the world which does not know how the other half lives, here is a chance to find out. Even statistics have here lost their bleak aridity.

Thacher Winslow and Frank P. Davidson are editors of the symposium which they call *American Youth* (Harvard University Press, \$2.50), in which a good deal is said about youth, jobs and militarism. However, for all the fine ideas in the collection, the contributors seem somehow to have missed the point that youth stands on the threshold of life; that youth is more interested in homes and the family, in cooperation, in security and peace. For mass-youth and world-building may be the chief thing in a totalitarian regime, but American youth has not markedly taken to it yet.

With twenty-five years of teaching and clinical work at Marquette University as his background, William R. Duffey speaks with knowledge and first hand experience in *Voice and Delivery: Training of Mind, Voice and Body for Speech* (Herder, \$2.50). This is a textbook for courses in speech and vocal art, developing both the physical and rhetorical bases of speech, and placing great emphasis on personality. There are practical exercises and drills in this workmanlike textbook.

With voice technique fixed up, it is in the nature of things to consider the vocal spread. *I Live On Air* by A. A. Schecter and Edward Anthony (Stokes, \$3.75) is not about the mythical chameleon, but a book telling how news gathering and newscasting for the radio is done. Ten years ago press and radio eyed each other gangrenously; today there is harmony between these vehicles of publicity, at least so far as the inquiring public is concerned. The subject is treated very well, though the authors, so it would seem, labor under the naive impression that the public is entitled to know all about everything.

THE GLANCER

ART

THE existence of a communal art is predicated on popular interest. Our dominant American interest is in illustrative art, particularly in the form of caricature. We are not exceptional in the strength of this type of interest, but there is an indigenous quality in much of our illustrative and caricaturing work, as well as in the inventive character of some of the quasi art forms which have grown out of the effort to satisfy this interest. This is particularly so in the field of caricature, which in its animated form is most successfully represented by the earlier films of the Walt Disney Studios. In the later films there has been a misdirected effort to parallel the range and type of the ordinary actor film, with a consequent loss of separate and distinctive character.

Fantasia is a current example of this entertainment, and it is representative of the best of the Disney productions, as well as of the least good. Occasionally it attains to completeness of form, as a synchronization of music, painting, and of animated development of the painted matter. In the main, however, it is pretentious moving-picture design in the typical, over-blown Hollywood manner. The paintings themselves show a wide range in quality, varying from a banality which suggests the work of superficially clever students, to a style that is more adult and which has moments of pictorial charm.

One significant fact emerges from seeing the film. Where the forms in the paintings are those of non-natural abstractions, such as are used in the *Bach Toccata and Fugue* section, relative unity is attained between the visual matter and the music. The designs for this film are sensitive in type and, because of their non-objective character, tend to merge with the music, rather than to compete with it. A balanced interest, therefore, is maintained between seeing and hearing and the total visual and aural experience is as happy as the painting detail is interesting. Robert Cormack, the art director, the painters, Joe Stahle, John Hench and Mino Carbe, and the persons responsible for the animated development of the paintings, deserve special praise for their work.

In contrast, the Beethoven *Pastoral Symphony*, another section of the film, illustrates the certain disaster that must accompany an effort to synchronize great music with naturalistic, caricaturing forms.

The Nutcracker Suite of Tchaikovsky which, like the Bach number, was produced under the art direction of Robert Cormack, comes to a better conclusion. As this music is less profound, it more readily permits the addition of pictured matter. The skill of the painters and director, combined with the propitious character of the music and scenario, has resulted in a play of form and color that is held well within the scope of the animated film. Both caricatures in the initial Disney manner and gossamer-like paintings are used with unusually happy results. It is charming both as art and entertainment and in the instance of the Mushroom Ballet its qualities are exceptionally diverting.

The balance of the film is either indifferent or bad in quality. In most instances it is the scenarios that are at fault. The pretentiousness of these creates a condition that is inimical to artistic quality in the painted material. Also, a merging of arts, in this case, painting, action and music, requires subjectivity in each of them. When this is lacking, as it is in most of the film, the competition between them destroys the possibility of artistic unity and effectiveness. An unhappy demonstration of this occurs in the Stravinsky *Rite of Spring*. It is one of those distressingly self-conscious efforts at being serious in an important way, and has also, unfortunately, reduced the fine qualities of the Stravinsky score to the level where it serves merely as a sound effect.

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THEATRE

ACTORS TO THE FRONT. My theatrical comments this week will be devoted exclusively to the actors, one of whom has reproachfully written me that I did not give them enough attention in my recent summing up of coming stars. There were two reasons for this. One was that the actors were already slated in my schedule for consideration this week. The other—now, take this calmly, boys!—is that there are not *quite* so many obvious coming stars among the young actors.

There are several reasons for this. Young actors mature more slowly than young actresses do. Almost any producer will tell you so. Another reason is that the producers are not so much interested in potential young men stars as they are in the women, and are not so quick to recognize their possibilities.

Almost any constant theatregoer would probably tell you that the best male acting this season was done in *Watch on the Rhine* by Paul Lukas. That is because the constant theatregoer had not stopped to think. Lukas is superb in his role. So is George Coulouris in the same play. But the best male acting of the season was done by Maurice Evans, in the revival of *Twelfth Night*, and very close to it, although so different, was the work of Alfred Lunt in New York's brief Lunt revival of *There Shall Be No Night*.

Mr. Lunt's art is not confined to any one type of play or character. Far from it. He can act Shakespeare to perfection and he can impersonate to the life, as he did in a fairly recent Theatre Guild production, the role of a second-class vaudeville "hooper." We will, therefore, put the acting of Mr. Evans, Mr. Lunt and Mr. Lukas in a class apart, forget their individual brilliance and magnetism, and concentrate on the work of the coming men of the stage.

Taking the record of the season just ended, and considering the men's successes in the order in which they were achieved, I make my first bow to Eddie Dowling. His performance in the revival of *The Time of Your Life* was an especially luminous piece of work, particularly impressive because it was so quiet.

Another early-season piece of work that deeply impressed me was that of Roy Hargrave in the short-lived *Blind Alley*. There was a deep thrill in his impersonation of the bandit killer whose brain and nerves were pitted against those of a brilliant psychiatrist. In the revival of *Charley's Aunt*, José Ferrer started out admirably in the leading role. His work steadily deteriorated, however, and he ended by playing to the gallery.

Far too little has been said in praise of Richard Waring's acting in *The Corn is Green*. It is among the best New York has had this season, and it has made Mr. Waring a focus for managerial eyes. George Matthews as a prize-fighter in *Retreat to Pleasure* almost saved that disappointing play, and Kent Smith did some fine, manly acting in *Old Acquaintance*. I can never think of Morris Carnovsky's work without the urge to offer him a tribute, so let me say here that he is at his best in *My Sister Eileen*. So is Allyn Joslyn at his best as the dramatic critic in *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

I have already spoken admiringly of Donald Cook's work in *Claudia*. He is fine, and up to parts in the future that will put him in the stellar class. Hiram Sherman in the *Talley Method* flared into a sudden effulgence which proved that he is worth careful watching by producers. Another impersonation to remember is Bramwell Fletcher's Dubedat in *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

We have all praised Canada Lee's superb performance in *Native Son*. Another promising newcomer to our stage is Wellington Ross, who played all the twelve roles of Bulwer-Lytton's *Richelieu* at the Cherry Lane Theatre this Spring and proved that he could do it admirably.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

MAN HUNT. The strain of hating Hitler in every other production has begun to tell on both producer and audience, and infrequently it results in a film which, although it plays the same tune, plays it in a minor key. This is essentially an adventure yarn and Fritz Lang's sensible direction stresses the suspense underlying the fantastic story of an English sportsman who stalks the dictator in his Berchtesgaden lair. The hunter is taken and tortured in a vain attempt to implicate the British Government, and his escape to England is merely the beginning of the chase. His eventual triumph over the Nazi agents is effected with a aid of a Cockney girl, and, after war is declared, he sets out for another try at his game. There is the usual propaganda content in this film, but it is not nearly so obtrusive because of the natural excitements of the chase, and Walter Pidgeon make an interestingly personal and plausible quarry. George Sanders is effective as a German agent, with Joan Bennett portraying a dubious heroine. This is good entertainment for those who like their films on the adult thriller level. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

OUT OF THE FOG. It is usually pointless to quarrel with movie titles, but the atmosphere of this gangster film suggests miasma much more than mere fog, and besides it is a question whether anyone gets out of it after all. The story is sordid and tangled in motivation and, like Thackeray's novels, manages to have a chief feminine character without having a heroine. Two men whose great pleasure in life is their boat are forced to pay protection to a hardened racketeer lest he burn it. The gangster adds insult to injury by inducing one owner's daughter to run away with him, but the victim's careful plot to prevent this by murder encounters a moral accident and the racketeer drowns. The atmosphere generally is about as edifying as that of a waterfront barroom, and Anatole Litvak's humorless direction keeps the picture grim and unattractive throughout. Thomas Mitchell and Ida Lupino provide technically excellent studies but the murderous intentions of the one and the unfilial attitude of the other rob them of sympathy. John Qualen, Eddie Albert and John Garfield are also involved in an *unwholesome* film which runs to suggestiveness just to add to its disabilities as moral entertainment. (*Warner*)

THE GET-AWAY. This would be classified as sabotage if there were any danger that the detective methods of the Federal Bureau of Investigation might be judged by the hoary technique used in the film. A G-man is planted in a jailbreak in order to gain the confidence of a notorious gunman, but his zeal for duty is somewhat diluted when he falls in love with the criminal's sister. To add to those familiar details would be to insult the constant moviegoer who has seen the same story done too often. But, thanks to Edward Buzzell's shrewd direction and capable work by Robert Sterling and Dan Dailey, Jr., it has been done well enough this time to merit passing adult favor. (*MGM*)

TOO MANY BLONDES. A radio background lends some plausibility to the introduction of musical items into this feeble story of marital misunderstanding, but Thornton Freeland has given the details of the action enough prominence to highlight their complete lack of novelty and interest. A radio couple quarrel over the husband's innocent encounter with a blonde friend but jealousy is not allowed to dim their business sense, and an important contract brings a reconciliation. Rudy Vallee, Helen Parrish, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Eddie Quillan make a fair adult offering of a scenarist's mistake. (*Universal*)

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EVENTS

DURING the week, current history avoided the beaten track, blazed exotic trails. . . . A seventeen-year-old boy became the youngest alimony payer in the land, when a California court ordered him to give thirty dollars a month to his estranged wife, who became the nation's youngest alimony receiver. . . . Two Pacific Coast detectives, after a long, hard and unsuccessful search for a suspect, stumbled across their man when they visited a jail. . . . The Tokyo Anti-Smoking League requested Foreign Minister Matsuoka to stop smoking his pipe in public. The Foreign Minister's pipe, the League averred, exerts an unhealthy influence on Japanese youth. . . . After working fifty years as a steeplejack without the slightest injury, an Ohio man fell over a brick in his home and fractured a rib. . . . That tax laws frequently produce unforeseen results was again demonstrated. In a Far West aquarium, tourists flipped sales tax tokens to a fourteen-foot octopus named Oscar. Keepers were busy removing the tokens from Oscar's breathing apparatus. . . . Ten years ago, when a Pennsylvania youth reached the age of eighteen, he vowed never to leave the house because his family refused to buy him a new suit of clothes. For ten years he led an interior life. Last week, draft officials found him under a bed. He said he had heard of the draft but preferred to remain at home. . . . In 1938, a Cleveland collector of old books purchased a rare volume and gave it to a friend as a present. Last week, he bought the same old book in the same old shop. . . .

Statistics were released to the public. . . . The published records indicate that a Pittsburgh sandwich shop has been robbed eighteen times in the last eleven years. The proprietor, in clarifying the situation, said: "The thieves used to break in through the windows. So I had the windows barred. Then they started coming through the front door. So I put a burglar alarm on. I don't know where they are coming in now." . . . Educational circles were active. . . . An exhaustive survey made at an Eastern college reveals that 1,000,000 cows will be called on to keep the 1941 supply of ice cream up to the quota required by the normal standard of living. During 1941, the public, if it lives up to expectations, will consume nine quarts per capita, the educational research divulged. . . . Ten graduates, ranging in age from two years to five, received diplomas at the commencement exercises of an Eastern kindergarten. After the exercises, the graduates gorged themselves on candy, cake.

Back in the year 1903, Wilbur and Orville Wright toiled in a little bicycle repair shop. They were putting together a strange-looking contraption, the world's first practical airplane. In December of that year they flew the "little thing of four cylinders" above the sands of Kittyhawk, N. C. From the "little thing" came the big bomber. Last week, Orville Wright declared: "In a sense, I guess we didn't know what we were doing when we built our first plane. We never envisaged the plane as a terrible engine of war. But there will always be someone who will abuse anything. That has always been my answer when people ask whether I would have attempted our early experiments had I been able to foresee all the terrible destruction that has come from the air." . . . A Montana man, cross-eyed for thirty-five years, was kicked in the face by a horse. A short time later the man's eyes straightened. . . . The modern world is spiritually cross-eyed. It converts scientific discoveries into engines of horror. . . . The 1941 cock-eyed world is being kicked by war. . . . Let us hope, let us pray, in this month of the Sacred Heart, that the spiritual eyes of the post-war world will be found—straightened.

THE PARADER